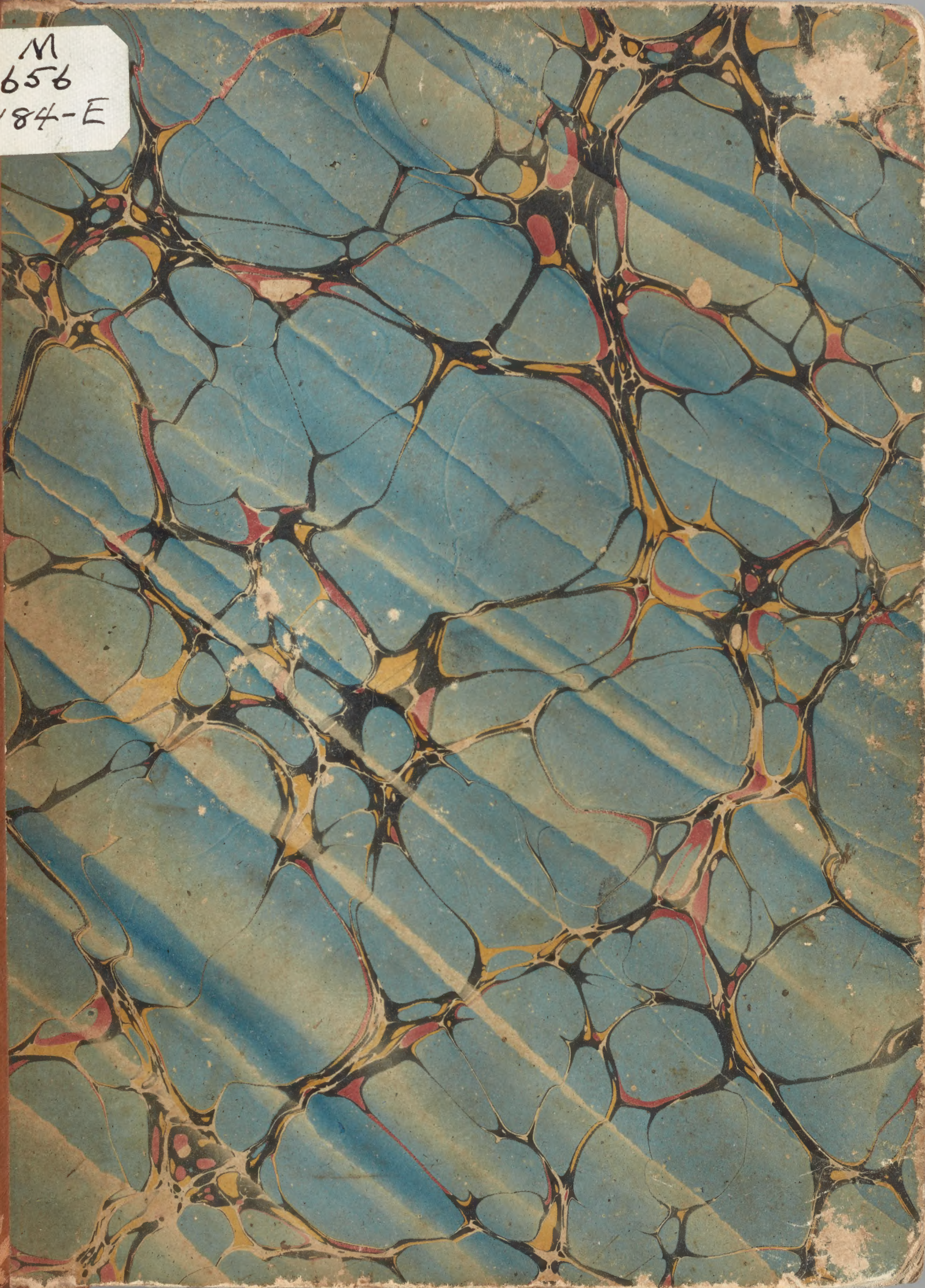


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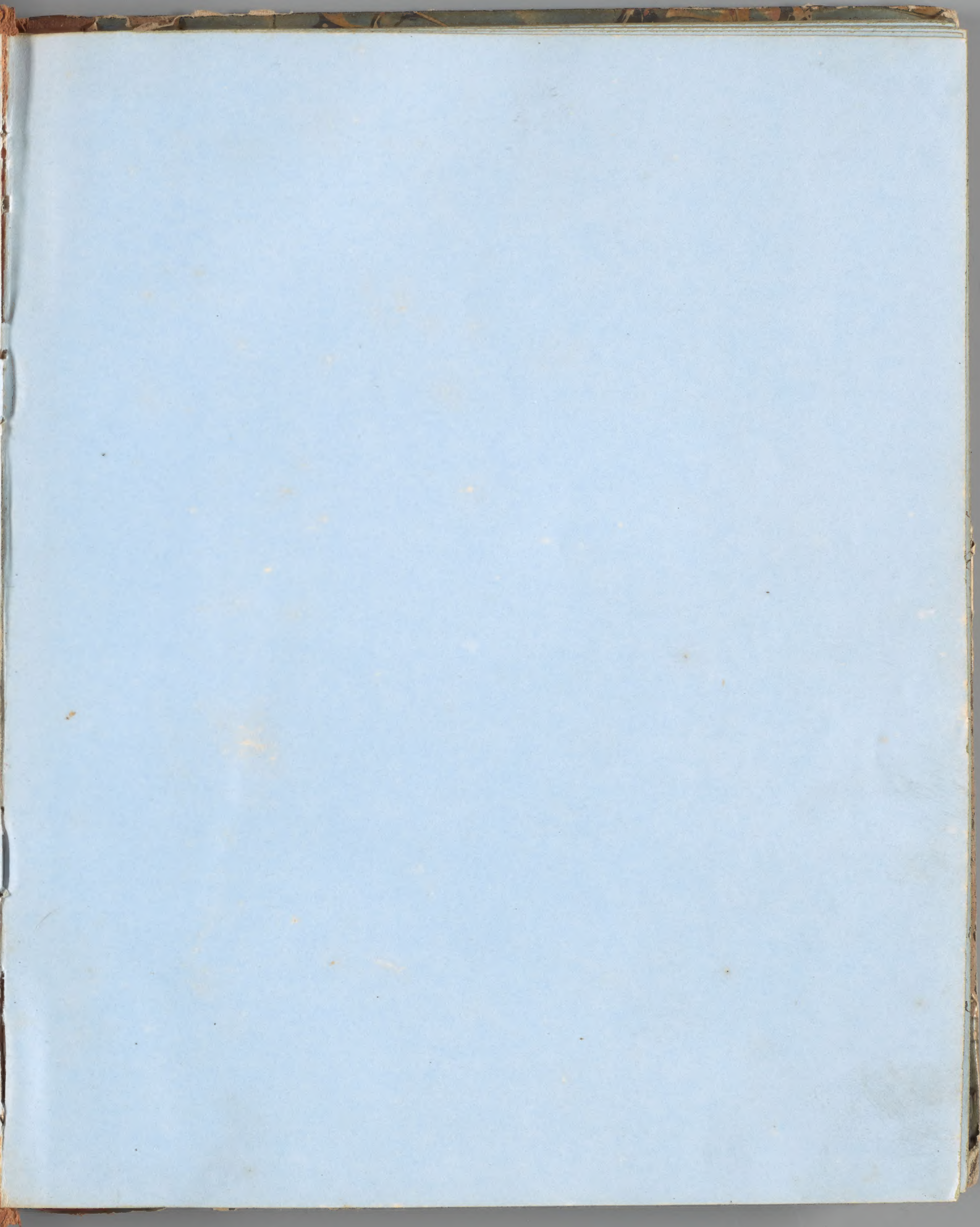
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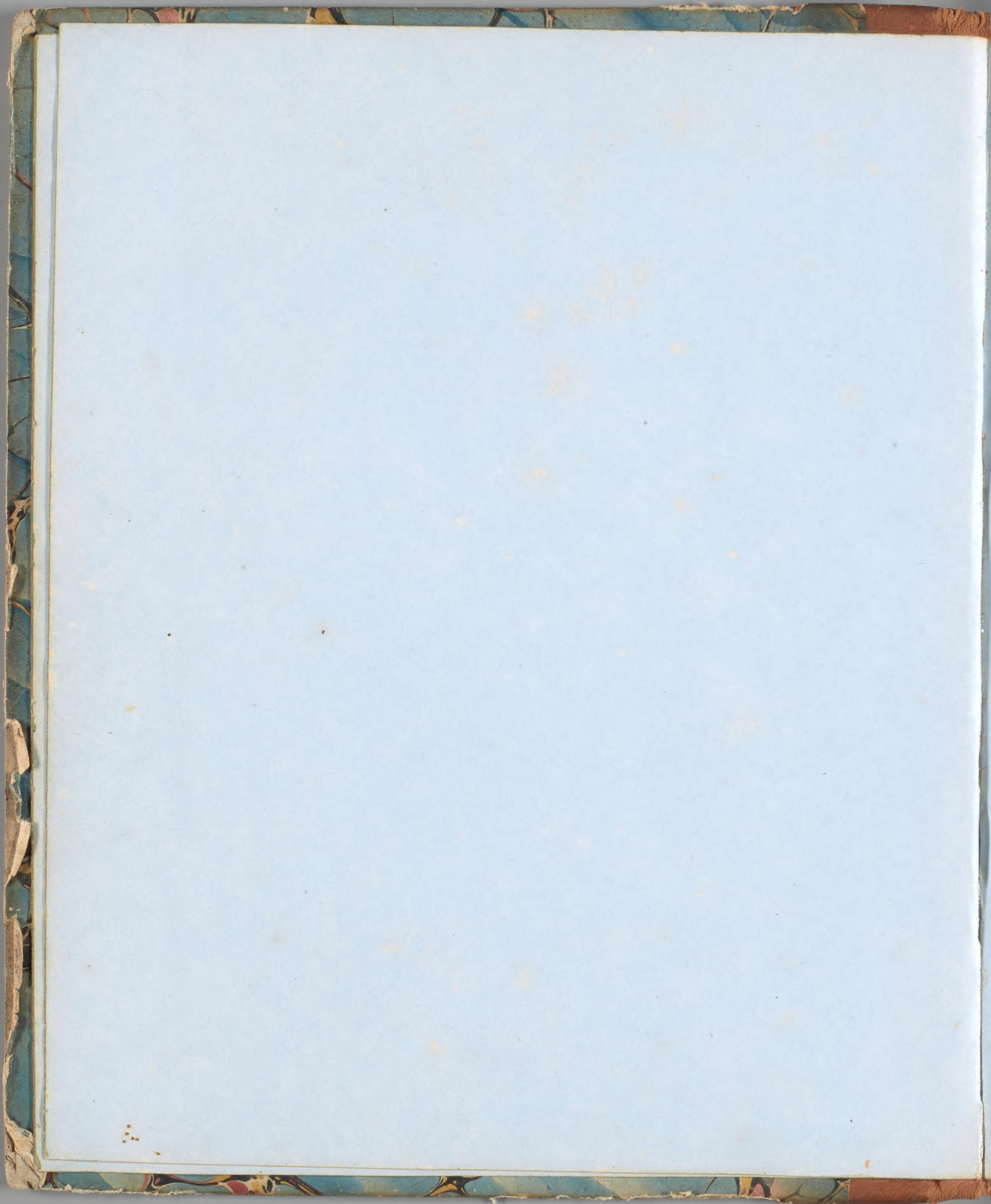


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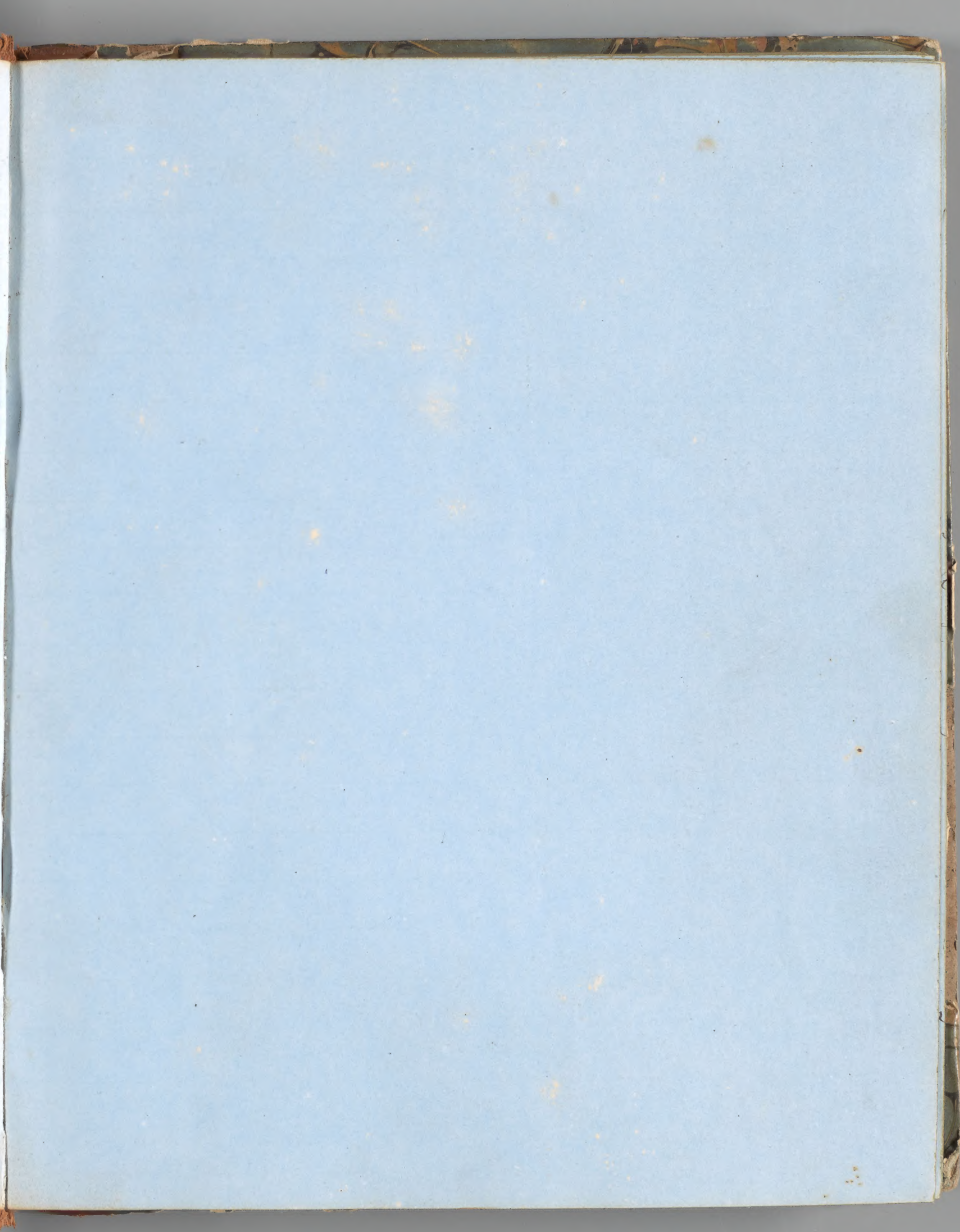


















Probably 1850-1851



he is a first  
mate.

Sailed from Salem on the 15<sup>th</sup>  
of May in the Bark Emily Wilder Capt.  
McFarland on my fourth voyage to the  
East Indies; and my fifth to sea.  
In this journal I do not intend to keep  
a minute account of all that may  
chance to occur, or that is to be seen in  
the various parts that we shall visit.  
For, as I have been to most of them  
before, have noted in previous journals  
most that would interest a stranger  
respecting the manner and customs of  
those peculiar people.



Gift  
Albert Bushnell Hart

1929

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It will be composed of matter that  
will perhaps suit no one but myself.  
For I shall write just what chanced to  
come into my mind without being  
clothed by words of beauty, or well rounded  
sentences. If, when a fair wind is blowing  
and all is animated by its influence, and  
in the best spirits that one can be  
in the possession of, (though seldom very  
bonyant) I may have a cheery pen;  
but if calm or head winds <sup>prevail</sup> quite the  
reverse. There is so much monotony to a  
sea life that it is almost impossible  
to break up that sameness that must  
necessarily follow in the narration of  
events in successive Journals. But as  
I have commenced this <sup>partly</sup> <sup>my</sup> fore for the sake  
of saving scraps of time that might  
be lost; <sup>and to interest one other;</sup> (without thinking that I can  
edify any one respecting a voyage at sea.)



Trusting that they will be lenient in <sup>their</sup> remarks  
respecting its value & the merits of its  
composition.

Many men at all versed in the affairs  
of a sea life are well aware of the  
adverse circumstances under which one  
writes at sea, and especially one who  
has to stand watch, and do duty  
on shipboard. He has comparatively speaking  
very but little <sup>time</sup> that he can call his own.  
He has to be on deck one half of the  
time and the remainder is to be taken  
up in sleeping, besides attending to some  
of his own private affairs.

But enough by the way of preliminaries,  
and now to return back to the time  
we left Salem. I arrived home in  
the Abigail on the 5<sup>th</sup> of March  
and remained at home every seven days  
the longest period that I have stayed



At one time when I have followed the  
sea. During which time I spent the  
pleasant hours that has fallen to  
my lot for a long while. And for  
that reason it made it the harder  
to leave. The morning that we sailed  
was one of the brightest that I ever  
remembered in all England's climate.  
Everything looked bright; all nature  
wore a cheerful aspect; and it was  
enough to fill the mind of any  
one; but the parting sailor with the  
best feelings. But such were not  
mine. Since I have followed the sea  
I have been tossed about by the  
waves of fortune and misfortune that  
I had almost misquipped respecting the  
present voyage. But faint heartedness is  
not a part of the composition of  
the machine, and those feelings I



depress as much as in our bed.  
At an early hour in the morning all  
things were ready, and many of the  
friends of the leaving, were down to  
bid them a pleasant voyage. We cast  
off a 10 AM with a head wind  
down the harbour. 'Twas past noon  
before we passed the Islands of  
"Baker" & "Buxton". The wind outside was  
light, from the Southward and westward.  
Near the close of day we were in sight  
of Cape Horn and the Horns of the  
Andes. As I looked at them and knew  
that it would be a long year before  
I should see them again, my feelings  
were not very pleasant; or spirit's beyond.  
I shall not soon forget the last lingering  
look I cast landward, as I saw my natives  
will fade from mine in all their loneliness,  
when the last rays of the setting sun  
show in all its declining beauty upon the



summit, and I was met high with  
the great Atlantic before me. The wind  
was blowing a gentle breeze from the N.W.  
which fill our extended sails, and never  
did a vessel make finer show than  
our gallant Buck! Every face wore  
an uncommon cheerful look. That night  
the Herklands light or Cape Cod  
were in view and when the sun rose  
in the morning nothing but clouds and  
mist was to be seen.

Now, I must leave the romance and  
indulge a little in the realities of  
the sea. I found myself in an entirely  
new situation. Instead of being ordered  
I had to order, and in the room of  
doing had to see that things were  
done. The situation of a first officer  
in board of a vessel is a responsible  
one; one that requires all the energy  
and tact that he is master of.



There never was a finer time to go off the coast than that we had. Though the wind was not what we wanted yet it had to answer, being from the Southward we had to steer about "George's Head" on which vessel have frequently struck, but as we were light drawing but 10 feet of water we ran the chance and stood about them rather than make a tack to the N.W. At 12 midnight I sounded and got 15 fathoms of water, which gave us the assurance that we were nearly past the danger. By 2 we were clear of them I never saw such a "tide rip" before in my life as we had on these shores. It could be heard many minutes before it could be seen, and when it struck the vessel it seemed as though we were in the midst of a bed of rocks. It was a beautiful night, the moon shone in unobscured



silent, and there was not a sound  
to disturb the silence. I must admit  
as I passed the deck that night in  
silent silence that my thoughts were  
not very pleasant. I thought of friends,  
behind me; and the long voyage before  
me, left the beautiful summer weather  
that I left, with everything connected  
with it; that could give a charm  
to life; and of the dreary storms I  
must encounter and the sickly climate,  
in foreign lands that I must with-  
stand before I could feel its genial  
influence again. One other thing had  
an influence to damp my ardor,  
that of my situation. Being the first  
time ship officer, I began to feel the  
realities of my situation, which was  
indeed a responsible one, especially for  
one who like myself had had but  
few years of practical experience.



Yet I had no misgiving, respecting myself  
but believed myself equal to the situation  
I held. I made up my mind to do my  
duty follow what would and be governed  
by the principles of right and wrong.  
I trust I shall succeed, time, that great  
teacher of all things will show.  
I am placed in just the position  
that I wanted and could I have the  
power to alter anything I could make  
an alteration for the better that I  
know of now. With this I leave  
the subject for the present; to  
speak of it hereafter.

Nothing unusual occurred during the first  
part of our passage out of the ordinary  
nature of sea affairs, nothing of note  
soon after we left port we had fair  
weather, and were out of the cold  
chill winds. That we had all the  
time while at home in the eastward



and had melted under from the south-  
ward. In the Gulf Stream we had quite  
a fine little breeze that carried us  
a long way, though not of long duration.  
This Stream seems from the Gulf of  
Mexico along the American coast at  
the distance of near fifty miles in a  
North Easterly direction nearly across the  
Atlantic Ocean. The current is about  
2 mts (or miles) per hour, and the  
water is about 8° warmer than  
on either edge. This is but one of the  
remarkable things which cannot be  
accounted for that is to be found  
on the ocean. Various currents are found  
in different parts, running in opposite  
directions from one another, but none  
with that regularity that this  
has. Another curious thing is  
found; of a yellow colour was seen



and, belly formed. There is none of this  
to be seen to the northward of it  
but all to the southward. I have seen  
it as far south, as fourteen degrees north  
of the Equator. In about  $45^{\circ}$   $20'$  N.  
lat I have passed through it where  
it was to be seen to on the surface  
of the water as far as the eye could  
see and so thick that the water  
could never be seen through it  
where this comes from no one can  
ascertain. Some suppose from the Atlantic  
but that is improbable as there is  
none of it seen there. Others, and  
with more reason, that it is washed  
from the rocks, or bottom of the Mexican  
Gulf and carried thither by the force  
of the current. It is never very  
high by the ladies at home it  
fills up the sea map books. I have  
often tried to catch it home, but never



could without its losing its buoyancy  
all the way is, to shift the water  
any day, and that is some trouble  
in the heavy weather we now coast  
in the winter time. And I have  
never been home in any other but  
one and that state in the fall.  
We had variable winds until we  
got into the lat of  $29^{\circ}$  at which  
point from the westward and very  
pleasant weather. Here we had light  
breezes and calms for about 3 days.  
These latitudes are called by sailors  
"The Horse Latitudes" why I know  
not. The winds here are always light  
with calms. And it is exceedingly  
provoking when surrounded about and  
about in sight of some the bay  
here becalmed for a week or so,  
and it would try the patience of  
the most John Bull to put up with it.



In the latitude of about 28 degrees North  
we usually take the North East trade wind,  
which blow continued from the Northward  
and Eastward. These breezes are at certain  
seasons of the year very strong and  
a vessel makes rapid progress through  
them. This voyage we have arrived there  
under 2 days North. The weather has  
been very fine and everything has  
passed along as smoothly as one could  
expect. We are now at the time of  
meeting in a week, and have been  
nearly a month aboard, long enough  
to get used to the vessel and to  
each other. If Emily I am very  
fond and shall speak in her praise  
hereafter. The crew appear to be a  
fine set of fellows who intend to  
go home there such cheerful and  
to go on. There is very satisfaction  
shown in the state of things, several



It seems to make a queer mix  
and, I don't think, to have fairly  
and discreetly chosen. The  
The most of them being of Salem  
(all but two) and going more of  
respectable families and connections.  
There is one old fellow (the only old  
man aboard) an Englishman, who  
goes by the name of "Bark". He is  
a serious old genius, and has seen  
much of the world. He often reminds  
me of "Old Begg" I have mentioned  
in a former journal. He has spent  
nearly half of his years of life on  
the ocean, and will probably see  
out the remainder there, just where  
he now is; a "dog" before the mast.  
There are two young lads aboard, one  
from Salem by the name of Allen  
and another from Concord 1784, the  
name of Gault, an other first.



engaged to sea. George is in my watch  
and I think he will make a smart  
fellow. Just after he had got over his  
two sicknesses I called him aft one day  
and told him to "go up on the royal  
yard and see if he could see any  
sail in sight." He looked at me  
with the sneer of a horse, and said  
that he could not get any up there  
in that tall pole! he should fall!  
I told him to try it, and he sur-  
mised beyond his doubts. When he  
came down he had as much of a  
triumphant look on him as though  
he conquered a station. There is always  
one kept on the lookout forward  
to see that there is no vessel in  
sight. And I was much pleased  
on our leaving port to see him  
keep his lookout. He sat forward  
in the "night watch" with his face



in a chair with the flying  
jib boom, and never turned to the  
right or left, for a whole day, and  
and he has no doubt thought that  
as much depended on him and had  
as great a responsibility as the officer of  
the watch. Before he is about much  
longer and among Romans he will  
learn to do in this respect as the  
Romans do. A lookout is usually  
kept more for the sake of keeping  
one awake than anything else, and  
we have to keep a much sharper  
watch on them <sup>to keep them</sup> awake than they  
do themselves. When they get asleep  
I have often found that throwing a  
bucket of water on them will  
open their eyes quicker than  
anything else, and keep them to  
work the remaining part of the watch  
will make remember in the future.



For Allen & future ship. He was seasick  
enough for all hands. I was, however, one  
day and Allen was leaning over the  
board in a hard fix, tight. Knowing he  
suffered (for he had eaten nothing) I said  
to him "Allen what is the matter?" I am  
deadly sick sir! I told <sup>him</sup> he would feel  
better when he got well again. He said  
if he could only get back to Salem  
again into his father's long yard, he  
would never say, ship; or see one  
again. He got over it in a few days  
and was as salt as old Bob in a  
short time. So much for "the ship".  
We have two "Free Sailors" on board,  
the Cook & Steward, and they are the  
real genuine article. I should give a  
brief sketch of them here but defer  
it until another time when I make  
their acquaintance better.



An Atlantic steamer is now in our  
harbour, the first from an English  
Port, call the Canadian, from London  
in the Island of Colon. The several  
papers of which we gave them a sight.  
It is a real pleasure to see a vessel  
at sea. It seems as though there were  
some one else living in the water under  
us, a new world tends to give a new  
to our monotonous life. The steamer  
we visited in some parts of our fleet  
every day, and then again may not  
for weeks together. Yesterday we sighted  
a steam ship from the River La  
Platte bound to Massachusetts. As we  
sight her I saw two Swedish look  
over the rail looked very nearly and  
appeared to be admiring the appearance  
form of our noble steamer. Well they  
might when contrasted with their own craft



I was much amused yesterday by a little incident  
that happened. It was almost calm, the  
vessel moved not more than a mile per  
hour through the water, and the wind  
was blowing slightly first on one side  
then on the other. When passing round the  
point by some means or other "Jack" the  
Blackman (a name we always call a sailor  
when we don't know his real name)  
lost his hat overboard. He tried every  
way to get that he could think of,  
but in vain. I told him in a joking  
manner, to jump over and get it, not  
thinking he would be fool enough to  
do it. The words were half out of  
my mouth when overboard jumped Jack  
swam out and got it, then threw him  
a rope, he caught it and we pulled  
him aboard again. The hat was not  
much less than our half the trouble, to see his clothes



of few days since when we were running  
down the coast but back I measured  
on my chart the distance to the  
nearest land and found it to be  
seven hundred and fifty miles. This was  
then at about equal distance from  
four groups of islands the Azores, or  
Western Islands, the Cape Verde, the  
Canaries, the Bermudas. That is about  
as far as one can get from civilization  
on any part of the globe. There is no  
east latitude indeed, not a single  
mark or trace of anything to be seen  
that would remind one that it  
was not water upon the face of the  
universe some time and there is no  
land to be seen, under his eye,  
on his aerial journey, whether it were  
but himself moving not. I am often  
amused as I have seen these little



against the air and as when hundreds  
of miles from land on what they would  
subvert and how find the land again  
to see a case of incubation. These that  
occupy the part of the ocean are a  
species of sea gull such as are seen  
along the shore of the American coast,  
but are a species of the feathers  
existing as it is found. But there very  
many of course among these with nests,  
some to give them a heart that they  
would not throw away. I have sometimes  
been startled in the night watch by  
these birds when hovering about the vessel  
when all on a sudden they would break  
right stillness by uttering the most piercing  
and shrill cry I ever heard.

I will now move on and overtake the  
great old Sloop again and see  
what there is going on in that little world again.



The good old ship "Sandy" has left  
us and we are in that great ocean  
much more than any other on the coast.  
The space between the 18° & 26° track  
lines, there from 5' to about 2'.  
There is nothing but squalls and dead  
calms. For the last four days it has  
been so. nearly all the time. One  
moment it will be a dead calm as  
one lay on the face of the water,  
the next storm hard enough to make  
the mast out of the vessel. The wind  
blows on one side and then on the  
other. And if there is any rain in the  
world it is of an officer's pattern  
it is weather like this. Give me any  
other kind; a gale of wind when  
there cannot be a stitch of  
canvas, or the storm; or the winter  
coast of America, and they are much to



be surprised. This is the worst part of the  
whole voyage and when we cross the Equator  
they will assume their wonted posture, ~~again~~  
and in sea life, plentiful again; though  
always dead at the best. Today I was  
on the deck looking over the stern  
watching the slow progress of the vessel  
when I saw the finest sight I have  
seen since I have been on board.

It was a very large sword fish, measuring  
I should judge nearly ten feet in length  
from his head to his tail. The sword  
was what appeared to be a continuation  
of his nose of about five feet in length.  
His colour was of blue and green striped  
like the Labea. As the light shone upon  
him he presented a fine appearance. I tried  
to get him with a harpoon, and sent  
one of the men forward to get it, but no  
more words out of my mouth



than fishes, and of the, probably under-  
stood "English", and did not stand  
to feel the barbaric aspect of destruction  
and it was the last I saw of him.  
After a squall we had last night  
in the middle water I contrived what  
I saw after seen before but not this  
way. It was a rain storm, the light  
of the moon reflected on the water. It  
was as perfect in its form and size as  
I ever saw on shore from the light of  
the moon, though the colours were not  
so bright. I don't know whether there  
are ever seen on the land or sea,  
though I never saw them, that I<sup>2</sup>  
remember off. We have at length got to  
the Equator though after a rather a  
long, uneventful voyage, five days.



## Chapter 11

Once again I find myself across the Equator, and on the waters of the South Atlantic. Our passage thus far has been as pleasant as could be expected, though we have had an unusual amount of light winds, which has lengthened out the time in crossing the line to a few days over the common time. We have not had a gale of wind since we left port, and to have a good one now would not be very unaccountable. Within a few days we have seen a large number of vessels come home-ward and other, ordered bound. When a few days to the northward of



The captain & crew were all to  
understand that these might  
be an emergency to which they  
when we got a little further south  
But alas these ships were useless  
The same sea may assault but I  
not been near enough to them to  
even speak over much more to con-  
vey them. Here I must speak in praise  
of Ensign's sailing qualities, 28 few days  
since we "made a sail" ahead (I must be  
allowed to use sea phrases when they  
come the kindest) at sundown and it  
ten o'clock in the forenoon were "aboard"  
(aboard of her, she hoisted her Ensign  
which was that of Hamburg when  
we ran up the "right" star and  
broad ships" at the museum dock.  
At sunset she was out of sight  
again. That was fair but on a fair trial



Yesterday when I went on deck at 4 o'clock  
P.M. I saw a vessel ahead standing the same  
way as ourselves. She came up with her  
sails set, and at 7 o'clock she was but  
about half a mile off. This morning she  
was not in sight. As we have now  
passed the Equator, I have lost sight  
of my old favourite North Star, which  
cannot be seen to the southward of  
2° degrees north latitude. I miss its  
presence much; for, in the night-watches,  
as I have passed upon it; it has been  
the cause of many a happy hour of  
thought. It has thrown its me back amid  
scenes of home, and the early days of  
boyhood's recollection, when I first learnt  
its situation amid the starry throng of  
Heaven. Many will be the day ere I  
shall see it again which will be on  
the waters of the Eastern Ocean.



Everything seems to be that we are now  
sitting on with respect to the higher  
region of the South. One after another  
of the stars of Northern climes disappear  
and those of the South come to view.  
The sun and the moon all year to  
the northwest of us, and one star  
after another sinks below the horizon.  
The bright constellations of the south  
begin to appear; the "Southern Cross"  
now shines in all its magnificence.  
The Magellanic Clouds are now very  
bright. There is something very singular  
about these clouds, they are, for all we know,  
in which we can ascertain  
their situation with respect to each  
other is very peculiar. I should not  
judge them to be more than ten  
degrees apart in the form of an  
triangle. They are situated near



what is commonly called the "milky way"  
and one of them is in it. Two of them  
are ~~blonde~~ white and the other black.

The little continues to see vessels almost  
every day but have had no chance to  
speak them. Yesterday (June 24<sup>th</sup>) lat 12° S.  
we sighted the land home. For this  
last week the breezes have been good  
though not so strong as I should  
like not having averaged more than  
one hundred and seventy miles per day.  
Time is getting rather dull on board  
and I must see what I can find  
to write about tomorrow that  
will be at least out of the  
common course of things.

I do not expect to have very page  
interesting if any of them be  
as there are times when there is but  
little that would interest any  
one.



Having been active in the present, now I  
will take a retrospective view of the past  
In previous journals I have spoken of them  
with whom I have been associated with  
on shipboard; and it may not be  
uninteresting to have put these signatures  
before us here as I am able to add to  
those of the first voyage; are still, though  
the ship. I will erase out their names  
and show that I have had the good  
fortune to be over board with those who  
took an interest in their profession and  
that respect for their own lives.

Of the Cherokee crew, two of them are  
second officers two of them first one  
before the mast; and one my old friend,  
George Spencer I know not of his where-  
abouts. I would give a great deal  
to see him, for he was a fine & manly  
fellow well qualified for any station on  
shipboard, either officer or common sailor.



The schooner is now in California, whether  
she will ever return again I know <sup>not</sup>. I should  
like to see her one more; for there are  
some associations connected with the her  
that I shall ever remember. On board of  
her I spent many a long day, some of  
them, I should say, and many unpleasant ones.  
The schooner next in course, is the same  
handsome craft still flying her old voyage's  
but my old ship-mates on board of her  
where are they, scattered and all now to  
be found on every quarter of the globe.  
One of them is now lying beneath the  
deep blue waters on which he so often  
sang of his noblest songs, he died on the  
passage from Salem to San Francisco, as  
second officer. One of them is now in  
South America some north, another  
on the West Coast of Africa, first-  
mate, and <sup>another</sup> first officer to the East Indies.  
Two of them are in California, and may



They sent a golden laurel. The losses  
of the good old sea birds are now bearing  
on the world and I believe some of  
seabirds but I am sure that some of the  
have met with better fortune. I little  
thought of getting some more over a ship's  
side than were with me on the first  
voyage. I shall ever take an interest in  
them for they were the noblest series of  
officers ever had under his command.  
One of them (\*) is now first officer, four  
of them (Barnes, Benson, Chandler & Johnson)  
are second officers, three, Shipman &  
Sherman are before. The most rapid most  
voyage two of these; Shipman & Sherman  
will be promoted. I will challenge the  
whole commerce of Boston & Salem to  
produce an instance of such rapid &  
early promotion as these. I had a feeling  
for that ship's company that I never  
had for no other. They were young



men of respectability, who had friends looking  
to them with the highest hopes; and  
they were not disappointed. The foresight,  
or rather its want of board that Bazaar  
was not, what are too often to be found.  
I must now be permitted to indulge in a  
few ~~strong~~ remarks. Of the sailor I  
have but little to say that is not ~~perhaps~~  
already known, but there is a false  
impression that may have with regard  
to him <sup>to him</sup> ~~no~~ further than is consistent  
with truth would I correct it.  
Far be it from me to cover up a  
fault, let it be found where it may.  
The sailor has his faults, and who is  
there that is perfect. As a generally  
I think that they may be a little  
lower than the landman, in some  
points of morality according to their  
numbers. But there <sup>are</sup> restrictions to be  
based on this acknowledgement.



Among the men that man our merchant  
vessels I do not believe that there are  
one half of them, Americans. Many, very  
many of them are foreigners; who have  
no principle to act upon, and whose  
code of morals have been learnt in the  
most lawless ways in the old world  
and fastened on them by but a weak  
knot in the new. It is not much to  
be wondered at, that they should, with  
their principles of honour & right & wrong, commit  
extraneous. But there is another class of  
which I shall speak but briefly, the better  
portion of them. Those I mean who  
have respect for themselves & their friends,  
who seek promotion as their true aim &  
whose object is to rise to the highest  
of their profession. I have found and  
been with, since I have been to sea  
as respectable young men as I ever met  
with on the land. As well as, as



intelligent & as civilized. Some of them  
have been from among the families of the  
first <sup>settlers</sup> in the land, yet there are ~~clashes~~ <sup>many</sup> ~~of~~  
with the general of them all. I would not  
wish to show any visitors, in my compan-  
ies, for if I did I should be thought  
to be selfish, and to cover up the gross  
fault of other. But I will in conclusion  
say that they are as a class, <sup>as</sup> fine natural  
fellows, as any persons within the pale of  
the Mines. I have seen something of the  
country and know much of its character.  
There is but few classes of which I know  
not a little of (the highest and the lowest)  
and I never <sup>met</sup> ~~was~~ as kinder hearts  
that I have in my shipmates. Many  
has been the service they have rendered  
me and favour granted me. They have  
been kind in sickness and have been always  
willing to give (not like the landman share)  
the last comfort the fevered.



And in after life should I ever meet  
them on the great thoroughfare of nation  
or amidst the busy stream of life, I  
could extend to them, the hand of  
friendship with its warmest pressure.  
I will ever acknowledge, favour granted, by  
whomever they may be pursued have been bestowed  
and more and official merit &  
equity than it be found in the  
dark and lawless passage of in  
the halls of the potent. I leave this  
subject now as I have spoken upon it  
at some length. I am much more  
satisfied that civilized class of men,  
(who though <sup>they</sup> care no more for the  
good opinion of the world than they  
do for the gentle bees that join  
the many) what is not true. A better  
state of things, I hope in time will  
prevail, that those dens of vice and  
degradation that are kept and fastened



by the immaculate, and spotted beings, on the  
land, shall have been swept away, and there,  
remove one of the obstacles <sup>in</sup> the way of a more  
reformation. I perceive that I have already  
suffered too long. Now to return to the  
life on the boat again and see what  
there is that would interest the readers  
of these few details of a small voyage  
the land winds these voyages we have  
but no light and they might be called  
at most as well as I have winds for a  
few days blowing from one quarter as  
much as the other. This is something we  
did not expect, and it has lengthened  
out our passage much longer. The  
weather has been extremely pleasant and  
have been putting the vessel in good  
order, for the stormy Cape where I  
expected that we shall have a good  
voyage for the first time since  
leaving Salem.



I have often been asked what to you  
would be so in my boat as to keep on  
in a dozen hands to work? It is a  
reasonable question and one that I  
should think might seem strong in  
the hands of many. Before I went to sea  
I thought as many others do, that  
there was but little to do when  
it did not storm. Just to give  
an idea of what is done during  
the day I will take yesterday's work  
for an example. The men are kept  
constantly at work doing something  
when the weather is not so severe.  
Though I suppose that what I shall  
say will not be understood, as there  
are but few families with sea  
phases, It was my forenoon work  
on deck yesterday. The first that was  
done was to send down the fore-top  
gallant rigging which I found had



men "barricaded" during the night. A new  
after should "unlighted" and the foreman  
are "served over a fresh" It was then sent aft  
and "set up". New main-top gallant-stooling  
block were fitted and new stooling, etc.  
The old ones taken for flying jib whips.  
The mizzen uppermost stay was then set  
up (that is lightened) for vessels have stays  
as well as the ladies and wear them full  
as tight. New bowline bridle were put on  
the mainmast. The shrouds were served on  
the fore-topmast yard, and the lead  
casing here "tonght taut." This ended  
my forenoon watch then I had to find  
work for the second mate's watch, which  
was to make some spungarn, and get  
new blocks and sheets to the mainmast.  
New shrouds were made for the fore-  
block, on the topmast yard, and the  
quarter masts ceased on a fresh. That took  
until 4 o'clock when I came on deck again



I felt pretty good satisfied having been reading  
a good deal and have working up a final  
observation that I took in the forenoon, which  
came out right. we did not stage the men  
much; only had the left, right and fore-  
sides and for and the main spencer  
outboard splined the long boat stowed  
out and a new lashing put on the  
cannons, the decks were then swept  
down and the men got their supplies.  
This is always in a fair specimen of  
what they are all in general I mean.  
Every day they are different insofar  
as the work is concerned. Different things  
need repairing constantly, the rigging, sails  
and sails are continually "giving way" which  
requires a sharp look out on the officer  
just to see. He has to have his  
eyes on every part of the ship and see  
that things are kept in good order  
and in a state of readiness. The barque is



in a state of perfect neatness and I should  
not be afraid to have anyone see her.  
I have never spoken near the time. Time is  
perfect during the day, and will now say  
one word respecting the night. This is the  
longest part of the whole event, four  
hours. The night I have six hours on deck  
the next night. Now how do I spend it  
in the evening? Well in various ways I  
continue it while it lasts. Two-thirds of  
the time I leave the deck and the other  
thirds I sit on the sail. That is when  
there is but little to do. Sometimes  
I find the time very long, I carry along  
at other times I pass quickly. Just a word  
I may happen to be. When the wind  
is steady, and the sail well trimmed  
to the breeze I have but little to  
do or look out for. I leave the sail  
because to take care of herself while



I wonder what I am imagining of  
those long gone by days of  
youth, when not a care troubled  
me, nor thought of the future perplexed  
and in a ray of bliss of those  
days I wandered over those happy scenes  
and sighed that they were gone, forever  
and one dear one to me has gone with  
them, of whom I shall speak of hereafter.  
Then comes the school days, in more  
advanced stages of manhood. Would  
that those bright days would come  
again, the halcyon days of life. But I  
am now scanning, as an ever struggling  
to write, from my subject. Often have  
I spent a watch in running over, past  
scenes, realizing the present, and contempla-  
tion the future. When I am on deck  
the first half hour, in uncertain weather  
I usually look to how the sail are set.



6. watch the progress of the clouds, not forgetting  
my cigar. The next is to pace the deck and  
think a little, and finish my second sheet.  
The third one half of which I sit on the  
sail watch the progress of the vessel, through  
the water, and think that so paper like  
soft time, that, as the ship, flies, as an  
eagle wing, at other so slow that its  
progress is not perceptible; when conflicting  
passions and misfortunes make its onward  
course. The ends with another regatta and  
form a prelude to the fourth. At the  
last hour means the stowage I have to  
summarise my means to keep old Simms  
away, and walk with a hunched step so  
that he shall not overtake. In this  
I generally have I think what I shall  
perceiv for the men to do on the  
following day, and by this time eight  
kells are stunk and the last hour paper.



as this is when the weather is fine, and no  
care required to manage the vessel.  
Then I am with him any more than  
on shipboard. When the storm threatens  
and the weather becomes, it requires  
all the skill the officer commands, to  
command the vessel. Still rests with him  
the safety of the vessel and the lives  
of all are in his hands, and he must  
be faithful to his trust. In long dark  
stormy nights, no one can imagine how  
hardly time he time passes away. With  
not a single soul to speak to, and  
nothing but his own thoughts to keep  
him company, and if any one is ever  
glad when the day first dawns upon  
the Eastern horizon it is <sup>the</sup> sailor,  
or when "light bell," are struck which  
gives him a relief, that he can "lock  
himself in sleep awhile!"



I don't suppose there is any class of people the  
least so little as the seamen, & that there  
is some one who is <sup>not</sup> <sup>quite</sup> but that they are  
without it is much that it becomes a  
social matter. Every other night they have  
right down a "black engagement" but  
have better, though they have the most  
common sense below and it is seldom  
they sleep more than an hour during  
the time. Though we have a plenty of  
room to sleep on board of this vessel  
we are obliged, having what is termed  
"black work" one day the forenoon below  
the main deck the afternoon, I don't think  
that I have slept more than five  
hours in an average. That forenoon, last  
time never sleep over seven hours at the  
most, and feel just as well as I do  
on shore with them. It does not take  
me long to get to sleep when engaged.



watch is up. It is a very few minutes  
before I can sound sleep after I have  
the deck. It usually takes me three minutes  
to "beat off the day" since I then jump  
into my bath, think of friends, for six  
minutes then take one to get to sleep  
in. If I could not get but one hour  
left at a time I think that I should  
feel just as well. My rabbit does so  
much more in a short space that I feel  
just as well. The moment I hear  
one speak to me I am as lively as ever  
as though I had not been in sleep.  
I was not so before my sleep. I went  
to sea. When before the mast I have  
kept a whole watch on the hard deck  
with my head resting on a ledge  
arriving, just as sound as though on  
a couch of down. Habit I believe  
will get a person used to most anything.



When it is my watch below my time is  
usually spent in nearly the same way - day  
after day, in reading, writing and sleeping.  
I have a plenty of leisure time and  
improve it pretty well. All things  
considered, I am and then I have a  
small job to do with a needle when  
I am well, and wish that some  
good friend was with me to do  
it for me. Look as sew on buttons  
and up eyes and so forth. I never  
mended, when clothes came in, that  
I did when here. I have known  
some of the men, as to mending I  
never did any of that. The steward  
has that job. When before the mast  
I mended ever, did the wash or mended  
the socks then would send to wash  
and when on a long voyage and  
my stock of clothing began to grow



and rather than take I would give  
more than all one year to work  
at a piece or even more a "love  
story" or some "fictional adventure" in  
my words before and then he would  
return the favor by sending a part  
of his in his words for me to  
in the night time. I don't  
think because it was night they  
were not done then, for a sailor  
like's pride in having his clothes well  
cleaned and can be just as well in  
the night as in the day, and there  
is so much time gained by doing  
but no return is my subject.  
My reading consists of various kinds  
light, solid, sentimental, scientific,  
religious & the ludicrous. I have a little  
of all kinds so manage to get along  
pretty well together with the Captain.

who has a large stock. I gained a considerable  
skill in ship's navigation, and have now  
become quite proficient in the service.  
I find that I have lost sight of the old  
began almost altogether, and now to return  
a few days. For a number of days  
we had very unfavorable winds, and  
made but little progress and what  
we did make was not on our course  
since the wind ahead from the Southern  
& westward, which carried us more on to  
the South American coast than was  
our desire to go. On the evening of the  
1st of 11<sup>th</sup> we saw at a great distance  
the old outlines of the Island of Trinidad.  
The day was fresh during the night  
and by daylight in the morning we judged  
ourselves well to it, though in the night  
was so intensely dark that we could  
see nothing of the land.



It was very miserably dark out that  
night and at three in the morning  
could smell the fragrant breeze as  
if blown from the land as if there was  
though we could not see. We were lying  
under the old north wall of the anchorage  
with a good dark west breeze blowing  
in the month of June. Coming to the  
leeward of the Island we did not  
want to run by, it being out of  
our course, and wishing to see the  
land to know how far our binnacle  
was out of the way; consequently ran  
the main yards aback and lay to  
until daylight, when we saw the  
land about ten miles to windward.  
This Island lays in latitude 1° 15' N  
Longitude 171° 15' W. To all appearances  
it is nothing but a mass of barren  
rocks rising up in three large columns

about the ocean. Though there is vegeta-  
tion here, and water can be obtained, yet  
no one by looking at it would mistake  
it. The wind is here continually blowing from  
the South East and usually there is a strong  
sea running and as the surges roll against  
this strong barrier the spray is thrown  
to a great distance, and causes the  
mariner as he passes it to ~~mislead~~ believe  
that he is free from its awful claspings.  
There is nothing so deceptive to the sight  
of the unpractised eye as the appearance  
of high land in judging of its distance.  
When passing this Island I saw George  
sitting on the rail but looking at it  
with all the novelty that a youngster  
always sees in foreign land) & asked how  
far it was from the "A" "A" brought 2 miles  
six "9" It was then twenty five at least  
The Island is very high and can be seen



at the bottom of every lake & river.  
As we passed it the water seemed  
more & the atmosphere more we turned  
our head again towards the life.  
"The land is no longer in view  
The clouds have begun to grow  
But with a struggle and a tear  
I'll say let the storm come down"  
These words of the old song passed here  
for us we passed more to the southward  
the breeze freshened and right ahead  
did we come on our course in an  
hour we made over two hundred miles.  
It became pleasant again and I never  
saw more beautiful weather, neither so  
hot or cold. The atmosphere here in  
these high latitudes is at times very  
clear. One morning not long since we  
saw a large English ship - being the  
same way as ourselves; we were far

usually a long white as usual before we  
could see any thing below, but when we saw  
her mainmast she set her colours and  
could make them out just as plain  
as though she were not three miles  
distant. This was long before we could  
see her hull. She was a good smiter  
but our back fished her very easily.  
Today is the 4th of July, a great day  
at home; but a very small one here.

There is great of this day I know not,  
for it has been a sad one to me, though  
the day itself has been as long as one  
we ever know on the waters of the South  
Atlantic. A fine gentle breeze has been  
blowing us along in our course. The work has  
been going on as usual, and no one would  
suspect that it was a day of so much  
account to the Americans at home, by the  
cause of nothing on the horizon. Were I a  
master of a vessel I would give the



men these days that are right at home.  
They can find any place they want. They  
can call there even while on a voyage  
not more often than on land and there in  
fact, while at sea they have none.

It would seem to create a better state  
of feeling, & they would perform their duties  
with a lighter heart. Usually on such  
days the crew is the best the ship  
can afford. But in the cabin I could  
wish no change, for it is always as  
good as I ever found it on the land.  
Our dinner today was lobster & not  
chicken & plum pudding. Last year I  
was on the Red Sea on the 4th of the  
year before at Tangibar, before that  
at Rio Grande and the year before in  
the Beringian Channel. Where I shall  
be next year it is hard to say, but  
leading such a wandering life as I do,  
time alone can decide.

I must now speak upon a subject which  
I wish to leave that it had never fallen  
to my lot to do, the death of George!!  
Just one year ago, today, he passed from off  
this stage of life upon those of an unknown  
world. I know not how to speak of him;  
for I cannot pay a just tribute to his  
memory and his many virtues. He was more  
than a father to me, and I doubt if ever  
there were two bound together by those ties  
so close as we. Being nearly of the same  
age, brought up with each other in youth;  
we shared its sports together. How brightly  
glazed those youthful days! When not a  
cloud darkened the way of life, and its  
time flew ~~fast~~ like the fleeting hour of  
a happy dream. Ah little thought we  
then that our lots would be thus  
cast, or that misfortune would smitten  
the brow of one by the death of the other.  
Together we ascended the stage of manhood



and play our parts in life's great drama  
Within one month's time we went to sea  
together. Both to the Indies, he to Manilla  
and I to the Red Sea, Muscat & Zanzibar.  
On our return, we were at home together  
On the next voyage he sailed one week  
after me for Zanzibar. When our voyages  
were up we happened to meet together  
again. He this was the last time I ever  
saw him at home, but the kind hand  
of Providence threw us together again in  
a foreign land. That time we sailed from  
Salem on the same day, he for South  
America & I round the Cape. He made  
a short voyage and sailed in the  
Emily Wilder on the same voyage that  
I went on. In a subsequent journal  
I mentioned of our fortunate meeting  
at Musungu on the Island of  
Madagascar. That, was indeed the  
meeting of two brothers, it was the





place and to gratify his own ambition.  
He was going to take command, but was  
fully confident of the result. He  
sailed on the 1<sup>st</sup> of July from Peru.  
In the vessel due out he fell sick.  
had to leave hospital and on the 2<sup>nd</sup>  
he died. Thus ends a career well along  
the steep ascent of his life; now, far is  
back the last act. He has now gone from  
off the ~~map~~<sup>way</sup> of the upon which his long  
sea coast, though bright and lovely  
I am not the former to the justice of  
his many services, still with whom he  
associated; or that I can think  
of him with the warmest feeling of  
respect. As a brother he <sup>will</sup> be  
wish; confident and unselfish as a  
friend; warm in his feeling, and generous  
as a fault. It seems as though we  
were bound together by more than ties of  
kinship.

Our feelings were nearly similar, our professions  
the same and our sympathies for each other  
the same. There is more ~~xxxxxx~~ <sup>that</sup> ~~miss~~ so  
much as felt the losing power.

But he has now gone and his place is left  
void. The storms of life shall no more  
assail him there. He sleeps beneath the  
cool blue sea upon whose breast he  
has so often rode. The bright breezes and  
the gentle sunshine now dance as merrily  
as when it he sailed in security upon its  
surface, and again the tempest as it lashes  
it is made up of its fury; upon which  
he has gazed so often, now trouble his  
regiment; but he needs them not.  
Life is life! The brightest visions are  
dimmed in an hour, and doomed to  
disappointment. The brightest hopes of the  
future. But I must leave from this theme  
so painful to me; in the contemplation  
of others.





We are now up in the high latitudes  
where strong breezes and rough weather usually  
reign. This is true, but we yet have not met  
either the one or the other. Everything goes  
on as smoothly as I could wish, and as  
yet it is the pleasantest passage I have  
ever made both as concerns the weather  
and the affairs on shipboard. Capt  
Ellis I found to be a perfect  
gentleman & pretty son of the old Granite  
State. We are now nearly up to the  
edge of Long's neck but to the southward  
of it in latitude, and I, the next  
time I take my gun to sea, naturally  
shall be around it. I hardly consider  
it that I am doing him some  
injustice after we pass it. We are  
now going at the rate of two  
hundred miles per day with a  
fair wind from the westward,  
though the weather is not very pleasant.



We all round the corner at last after  
a passage of very fine days, and  
now are on the water of the Indian  
Ocean, (Oct 20) Sunday, and day before we  
had a glorious breeze the first since  
we left Saigon. It might be set down  
as a gale of wind. On the 19th it  
commenced blowing in afternoon and  
continued to freshen during the night  
we had the Starboard fore topmast  
and lower Studding sails set. It was  
my eight hours out that night and  
had a long time of it (being dark at  
4 1/2 past and light at 4 1/2) the wind being  
fair I did not want to shorten sail  
by taking in the Studding sails when  
she was going at so fine a rate,  
but kept them on her. At 5 AM  
away the boom went - Studding sails  
down. The lower one was there all the  
pieces, though we managed to save

the fragments. Then, the Capt. came on  
deck in the morning & told him the  
beam had gone, but he found no  
fault, as there was none to find.

The gale increased in strength until  
it blew my head. We doubled reefed  
the mainsail and put the mainmast  
and let her go. It there is a beautiful  
night in the world it is to see a  
vessel sailing before a heavy gale of  
wind. The seas as they come, tumbling over  
the other after the vessel; each seeming  
as though they would engulf her beneath  
their awful swarms force as she lays in  
churning beneath them. Though she rises as  
they come upon her as though she were a  
thing of life and rides in buoyant upon  
upon their cresting tops when the  
foam is enveloping her in its misty  
whirlings. It requires some skill to steer  
a vessel when driving before the gale.



I have one man in my watch who has  
not been long at sea and cannot do  
much work. I should like to be able  
not to manage her, so as to keep her "house  
clean" as there was danger of her  
being so. He would look over the station  
to see the boat fellows coming after him  
and not mind what he was doing in  
the boat. I soon found that he would not  
be trusted there. I took her for two  
hours and found that I had not  
lost my skill as a helmsman upon  
which I used to pride myself when  
before the mast. After being for  
half eight hours it died away to a  
gentle breeze and all sail was put  
upon her again. This gale was nearly  
as severe as one there was in Boston Bay  
last year! in mid-summer, when a certain  
pleasant party went down to the Cape,  
when the "Cape Cook and all hands were seasick"

### Chapter 3.

The cold Indian Ocean gives us rather a rough welcome. For this week past we have had no more gales from the southwest or eastward which has kept up under short sail nearly all the time, scarcely ever showing anything but a slight breeze. The wind has been so much around us that we have made but very little way overboard. We are now at the time of night on Latitude  $34^{\circ} 24' S$  Longitude  $40^{\circ} 38' E$  (July 28th).

Last night at 10 o'clock when the light "washed in" it had the appearance of a bloody night. He told me that if it came on in this way I should be sure to



Samuel's messenger. The young messenger in  
strength of work in the forenoon & afternoon  
at 4 and carried on to the main one until  
5. Beyond the mast would stand. It was  
longer than work in the forenoon when the  
march was called I regretted her down.  
It is the same time that I have ever  
seen a male up a seal mountain. The  
Capt. him on work. The other time was in  
the Laker. Though the male is just  
as capable of doing it as the Capt.,  
yet he is always on work there. I write  
this to show that though I am a young  
officer the Capt. places confidence in  
me and is willing to let me have some  
of the responsibility to bear, which is just  
what I like. Mr. Farland is a fine  
man and an able and experienced  
seaman & navigator. I have learned  
much from him.

As we were going up the Mosambique Channel  
with a fair wind and in a few days shall  
be to our first port of destination. As there  
is not much that is of any interest deserving  
mention, I will go back some seven or eight  
months to the time when I was in Bombay.  
It is difficult for me to find a place to  
begin in order to give a correct description  
of the place as what I saw. That was of  
course while I was there. It would  
take nearly all my journal to give a full  
sketch. It is one of the largest and finest  
places that I have ever visited. Its population  
is nearly 200,000 a mixture of all people I believe  
that is to be found to the eastward of  
the Cape of Good Hope. I was there five weeks  
and had a chance to see all that was  
worthy of note. Having a plenty of leisure I  
improved it to advantage both in the  
way of acquiring information and having a fine



time. The general appearance of the city is like  
that of our American cities. The streets are wide  
the houses large and commodious, and were  
it not for the strange mixture of faces  
that one meets in his wandering, he would  
think himself almost at home. The air  
is very strongly perfumed. On the side near  
the harbor there are hundreds of mounds  
open ready to throw forth their stinkier  
mounds upon any one that treads the board-  
-road to approach only in friendship.  
Toward the inland country there is a deep  
ditch of about 40 feet in width walls  
on both sides on whose tops cannons  
are placed so that it would be impossible  
here an enemy to surprise or take the  
place by storm. Just outside of the walls  
is a large common called "Bomby Green"  
and well it deserves its name, for I never  
saw a greener spot or a cooler retreat.

I should think that it was nearly 1 mile square.  
There are three roads, running across it of about  
four roads in width. Between the Green and  
the sea is the "Esplanade" another beautiful  
flat of ground of about thirty acres.  
One afternoon I have seen two whole  
regiments on the Green practicing their  
various evolutions, and it was a beautiful  
and inspiring sight. Every morning I used  
to go on shore, stop till the cool of the  
evening then go on board the ship again.  
Before I left there I found it rather hard  
to walk away the time, having seen every  
thing that was of interest to me. Here I  
will say that Mr Hutchinson was my  
companion in all my wandering. He was  
first officer of the La Plata, and a fine young  
man with the true sailor's generosity, and  
with such a one for a companion I made  
the winter of 1860 very agreeable.



I will now go through one day's routine  
and that will suffice for them all, in  
many respects. "Hutchinson or Putnam; come  
it is eight o'clock, and our "dingy" (shore  
boat) is along side, "let go ashore!" "Jump  
in I am ready." When we get on to the  
ground the first one we see is our "pilot",  
a native that we had in Jay all the  
time that we were there, for to show us  
ground, and interpret for us. "Well where shall  
we go today pilot?" "Just where Master's like?"  
was his usual reply. "Get a steam pilot!"  
"yes sir" already and we will drive out  
to "Parille" about eight or nine miles distance.  
There is one of the finest places there is  
around about to Bombay. On the road  
out we pass by "Goudy Castle"; a noble place,  
"Parker's house"; the "Governor General's mansion",  
all of which are worth a visit, first  
we will stop at Goudy Castle.

I have no descriptive powers whatever, so can give but a faint idea of these places or other in and around Bombay, But can only speak of them in a plain manner, which will perhaps answer as well. Sewdga Castle is situated in from the main road at a length 2 mile distance. There is a broad narrow leader to it the sides of which are lined with beautiful shade trees such as are only found in Hindustan, whose tops are so arched so that they form a barrier which the rays of the sun is not able to penetrate. It's main body is square, whose equal sides I should judge to be one hundred feet, and more than that in height. There are two large wings extending from the main body on the right and left facing the avenue. It is a massive structure and displays much taste and originality in its construction.



On the ground floor there is but little  
to attract attention, save the great recep-  
-tion room and the antique furniture.  
On the second floor there is a large  
hall which is nearly one half of  
the whole second story. This is a wonder-  
-ful room. The windows are of stained  
glass, which as they reflect their shades  
of light upon the ornaments therein  
gives a beautiful appearance. It is  
filled with all the curiosities of the  
East. Here you will find arranged in  
the most tasteful order linings of every  
description; rare specimens of oriental gemms  
Paintings, that would do honour to the  
greatest artists, adorn the walls from  
one end of the building to the other.  
Many of these are very ancient, and  
many of more modern date. They are  
mostly the works of European painters.

Though some are from native artists.  
Curious collection of shell fill the cabinets  
and the most rare specimens of mother of pearl  
cover table that stand along the wall.  
The furniture is of the most costly dispo-  
sition. The rooms above are full with various  
collection of art; though not of so superior  
a kind. This is truly one of the most  
magnificent places I have ever visited.  
The Palace House is on a similar plan  
and probably was planned from the former  
model. It is furnished in the most  
costly style and exhibits in a true  
manner Eastern magnificence and luxury  
on the largest scale. A little beyond  
this is the Gen General's mansion. It is  
what one might expect to find placed  
in so high a situation as the <sup>city</sup> occupies.  
When I were there the Gen had gone  
to Para on a pleasure excursion and



I had a fine opportunity to visit the  
prisoners. Here, the same as at the  
other places we had to show our  
permits for entrance, (which Everette  
the American agent at Bombay kindly  
furnished us, and I was under many  
obligation to him while there for  
kindnesses shown me which I shall long  
remember) to the Deputy. This building  
is quite as large as the other, though  
not on so expensive a plan. The  
rooms of state are very fine and  
elegantly furnished. He has everything that  
he could wish to make time pass  
pleasant. Large Libraries, Bowling alley &  
Billiard Table. At all these places, the  
servants are the most obliging class that  
I ever met with. Though it can probably  
be accounted for in their expectation of  
a party present, which they always receive.

Having made our day ride we will now  
turn back towards the city. It is now  
sunset, and we will drive round the green  
a turn or two, then visit the Esplanade  
and within the city walls to "Madam  
De Costas" Hotel, and order supper. This  
was our ~~favorite~~ House where we always  
dined and supped when in shore.  
It was kept by a French Lady and was  
the first Hotel in the city in respecta-  
bility and in charges to. Here I found  
a new species of luxury. Over the table  
was a large "punker", which answered the  
purpose of a fan. It was about four  
feet in width, two inches in thickness  
and about ten or twelve feet in length.  
It was covered with ~~very~~ white muslin  
with a heavy frill ~~at~~ (I believe that's the name)  
at the bottom. It is suspended to the  
top of the room by means of wires



and was swung by the means of pulleys,  
with cords attached. They are two persons  
at each end of the table. The horse  
took a fine breeze of wind and one  
felt even in that place almost chilly  
when he had got through with his  
repast. The Harts around Bombay  
are the finest there is in the world,  
in the dry season. For miles you  
will ride with meeting without a  
single ascent. They are as hard as  
though they were paved, and wide  
enough for eight coaches to drive  
around with touching the others.  
I have never seen a place where there  
was so much attention paid to the  
culture of flowers as here, and you  
will see in rides around the city  
some of the most extensive gardens  
that are to be met with in the near or

old World. Then flowers are brought into  
the Bazaar every morning in Baskets, as, as a  
specimen of merchandize as much as any  
commodity that is there to be found.  
Some of them are very beautiful, and fragrant.  
A Basket is always sent with a present,  
as though it were a messenger of good days.  
There are many Churches in Berny both native  
and English. While there I had occasion  
to visit the American Missionaries many  
times in my wanderings. And as I saw  
them residing in luxury I was often  
reminded of the former accounts I had  
often heard of their privation and  
sufferings and was forcibly struck  
with the contrast there existing with  
these accounts. Many times I have met  
them when coming into the city in the  
most costly carriages, & (there <sup>are</sup> in Berny  
vehicles that cannot be surpassed in our  
own County) or carried in "Pallanquens" upon the



shoulders of four natives. They live out of  
the city amongst their miles in the beautiful  
country seats which would be quite places  
at home. I blame them not for their  
living, I would do the same when I in  
their places; I too, like <sup>to</sup> live and see other  
<sup>do the same</sup> live, but more to have the truth told  
to those that suffer from. There names  
are Allen & Hume. I have not <sup>the</sup> least ill  
will against them as one might suppose  
from the above, far from that. May  
they long live to enjoy their pleasures  
and to do more good than they  
have ever yet done. They know that  
we were mistaken, but never even inquired  
us if we were in the want of anything  
Thank Heaven we were not! we had a  
fear of everything! Had we not, it  
would have been all the same to us,  
with them. They ought to have a new  
edition of the "Missionary Hymn" dedicated to them.

The most wonderful place that I visited  
was "Elephanta Cave", which is situated on  
one of the Islands in the harbor, about  
four miles from where the shipping lay.  
We visited it while there & were well  
rejoiced. We started in the morning at  
about 8 o'clock in a fine sail boat,  
and were there by 8 o'clock. The carrier  
our companion with us, which by the way  
was enough for a dozen hungry men.  
But the reason of taking so much will  
soon be seen. It consisted of one cheese  
four large double rolls of Baker bread,  
three large sea biscuits, three large Oranges,  
a bunch of Bananas & a half large bottle  
of beer. It is on the side of a large  
hill which is thickly covered with trees  
so that its entrance can not be seen  
from the sea. There is stationed there  
and our man formerly a Sergeant in  
the India army, but now a pensioner.



I had some notes that I took while  
there (but have now lost them) of its  
dimensions and of generalities of the  
place, and now have to rely solely on  
memory. I would refer one to "Anderson  
History of India" for a description. I  
should judge it to be about two  
hundred feet in length and one hundred  
and fifty in breadth, and twenty feet  
in height. Whether this was all cut  
out of the solid rock or not I cannot  
say, but it has that appearance, as  
it is of a uniform height. That much  
of it was is certain, for the images,  
were carved out of solid rock and they  
are of the height of the cave and of  
the same material. You will see  
images of most every kind, men and women  
of the height of 5 ft. is 5 ft. images of  
beasts of different kind, from the "king  
of them all" to the smallest insect.

most of the ancient tools, <sup>which</sup> ~~with~~ <sup>made</sup> ~~the~~ <sup>of</sup> the natives are carried out in collecting  
forms. There are many things that are here  
to be seen, though not to be mentioned  
here. I spent some hours in rambling along  
in this wilderness place and viewed with  
wonder & amazement these stupendous works of  
art. It appears as though it must have  
taken ages to have accomplished such an  
undertaking. In different parts there is  
granite pushing forth which looks as if  
it were fresh. I saw one of these  
granite piles close by the side of an enormous  
canyon and was as astonished as I have ever  
before seen in my life. The object of  
the great work is unknown to man, as the  
men that constructed it have long slept  
in the dust around its base and have  
left no tradition whereby we can  
account for its existence. When the  
Portuguese took the islands the men



the natives, from one long pole with  
another, until at length they shot to  
the island and brought it down in  
this manner. But here this was not  
enough, then they were seen to throw  
a lance through the air. Their canoes  
up the suggest were at the mountain  
opposite them at the entrance of the  
cave. The place was perfectly level  
they had a fair view of the  
island. It appears to me that they  
attacked it in front from the great  
number of boats that were in the bay  
after the first attack, but could  
not drive out those within. They then  
placed guns at the small water gaps  
and shot off the effect. The  
image looks the mark of their  
shots. Some of the men have but one  
other than legs, women have their hands  
shot off and their faces badly disfigured.

I saw one old man standing upon the  
log, looking grim & healthy defiance. "It is  
a fact that his image would not have  
been saved from the ruthless effects of  
war, but I am bringing out this sketch  
to an earlier day. But must not  
forget to mention <sup>the</sup> old surgeon who  
is stationed here to show strangers around  
the premises, and to give all the infor-  
mation that is known, respecting its history.  
When we left we gave the old fellow  
our sketch of provisions of which we had  
none but little, and a present of two  
dollars for which he was very thankful.  
He was along to the dock in the  
afternoon when we left the island  
and at sunset were up to the city  
again. While in Bombay they had their  
last days which last brought a week.  
It is when they moved up their affairs  
of the year and announce again.





One evening while was riding along in a  
coach with Carleton at the invitation,  
we were stopped for one hour, in one place,  
near the immense library that was  
in the street before us both of carriages  
and on foot. At that time most of the  
houses of the rich are thrown open to  
all and have tables well stocked with  
the choicest viands. I was on shore every  
evening while they lasted, and had  
quite a pleasant time as every one there  
was something new. While there, there was  
a large French League undergoing repair  
which had a large full band of music  
on board which was to accompany it off  
in fine steamer. On Tuesday and Friday  
the French & English band played  
as noted in the "Esplanade" under a pavilion  
erected in front of the sea.  
"East" of the city, some on horseback others  
in carriages, of the female portion things



none of them gave a fine picture, I saw  
no that would compare with our own  
"Stone, Stone" I saw one but my water  
of Bombay is a little better. I saw  
some small birds in the water & others again  
on the shore.

We were playing our own game. The  
water of the Bay of Bengal is a little better  
than we are off the highland of Cape de  
Good Hope. For a few days, but we saw  
but as fine a large and small with  
going along at the rate of two hundred  
miles, with as fine weather as we ever  
seen beneath the tropics. The same for  
the island of "Juan de Nova" but the  
chronometer being more out of the way  
than we thought for that we could not make  
it, which is it proved was very much.  
There was a large English ship seen  
here a few days before we passed in the  
night time with her flag at the stern.

at the first sight. Soon after she struck  
the captain's officer and all hands were  
more safely in the morning having gone then  
in the boat. But was the flight  
I can think of no other time to see, that  
they did not stop to see if she could  
be got off in any thing. Had we have seen  
her we could have made quite a page.  
It is a beautiful little Island on which  
the men were having a fine sandy beach  
in front and covered with pine trees,  
of coconut trees. On the 3rd of August  
we came to anchor off the anchor point  
after an easy passage from Salem.  
I saw but a very few words to say  
respecting this place. It is just the same  
now as when I first saw <sup>it</sup> and I have  
nothing in any respect that I can  
provide, save the being a few more  
small stick upon poles upon the beach.  
If justice was done, half of the beach,



people in Majunga would have long been  
here, the smoke of our chimneys here the  
fog<sup>not</sup> being near so often the summer the  
stop there was long. While going I saw  
a fine bay of large and our way  
for some sailing. Most of the night  
we spent together in land the whole  
time. In this place we went to Zana  
Bay a place down on the Madagascar  
west about two days sail. This place  
is worst than Majunga if possible.  
The Bay is very fine sandy good anchorage  
and spacious room. But the town is  
it does us the affliction is the most  
terrible place that can be imagined  
the same here for in the shell & heat,  
off the powder we get none of the latter  
but few with 150 lbs of powder.  
We were there on Sunday; and were visited  
by the whole of the land. Perhaps a half  
million of their visitation was not the number.

In the morning the Capt went on shore  
to see the boat men and to tell them  
not to bring up the price and for what  
time. It soon he returned and said that  
they were all coming on board, and there was  
to be a boat sent for them. Having nothing  
to do I volunteered to go in the boat  
and fetch them off. This willing is  
always the order from where we layed  
when gave the men a pretty good pull,  
but being no more a boat as over dinner  
on the deck we were near them. I went  
with the carpenter. A man we got at  
Langens to the house of the governor  
After dinner told him my business, I  
asked him if the King was ready to  
go on board. He replied in the affirmative  
and said he would soon be here.  
He came, and took what a King!  
I was sitting quietly in a thatched house



when he came in with all his relations  
which consisted of about 100. They followed  
all around me with much noise and  
singing. In the last of the group there were four  
women and 2 children. The 2 children  
the nurse, all my former acquaintance of  
former evenings. I was in an instant  
when I saw them, I was in a panic to  
the whole heart of a faint. I had no power  
to stand, so I fell back. All were  
to come back in a short time. They were  
kindly people and with the exception  
two of the first of these women, I  
there was any chance between them, all were  
a danger to the rest. I was but a half  
to the overflow. Being in command of  
the boat of course I stood by, and the  
on side of me sat the ship on the  
other side two women. I have most respect  
them. I should not think to be of any

fifty years of age. On the whole he was  
rather a little looking man for height  
six feet, and well proportioned. The most  
striking thing about <sup>him</sup> ~~them~~ was his eyes.  
They were the largest and palest I ever saw  
in a human face, and as bright and fierce  
as the ice buttons. His shape was like the  
Scandinavians in general of which I have in  
the journal described, excepting that  
he wore a large military hat which was  
covered with a profusion of lace and  
feathers. It was very amusing  
to see them when they got on shipboard.  
There were large numbers came in their  
crews, so that our decks were well covered  
with savages. Probably there were none among  
them that were ever over a vessel's side  
before. Some camp stools were brought  
out of the cabin for them to sit on.  
I took notice of one that put two of



from side by side and sat on both of  
them. They remained daylight an hour  
when they left having enjoyed passing  
much of the time with their meal.  
We stayed at this place about five  
days when we sailed for the Ark.  
On our passage thither we had a very  
strong breeze near enough so to call  
it a gale. It commenced about  
sunset and kept freshening until noon  
when it lulled away. The Capt went  
aboard at noon & and left orders with  
me to keep her down at 12 if it  
continued to blow as hard then as  
At 12 I put two signal flags in the  
topmast. It continued to increase until  
I thought that the ship would go  
if I carried on to her any longer without  
relating in noon. At 2 PM I called the  
Capt told him it blew very hard,

and thought I should have to take in  
more sail. <sup>he being small at the time</sup> He said "well" and went to  
which again he probably was not fully aware.  
By the time I got on deck again the fore  
mast stay and halyards, but parted  
and the sail of flying. That the jib  
went it blew all the pieces, not enough  
left on the flying. The engine was then  
taken in the "maneuver" for block and  
away she went plunging through it again.  
I had one of the worst jobs in getting an  
anchor on the sail that night. That  
I have had for a long time. It had  
got loose and there was danger of losing  
it. It was immensely dark and every time  
she pitched the anchor came in over the  
board in a whole sea's wash in every face of  
it. At last it was got on after a  
great deal of work and all hands thrown  
over. Through. The had two flat passengers



on board and a very few persons  
so much at sea. They never slept any  
that night, both on deck all the time  
holding on to the weather vane for fear  
like they might wash up. I thought it  
would blow away. I said: "I'm positively told  
there's no! There you would never 'Hlak'"  
escape in half a dozen weeks. When the  
large ship came down on the caps  
and was going there, and the tide was  
heavy, so they were thrown by the wind  
it seemed as though, to them, that their  
time had come. They asked if I thought  
if the vessel would go down? I told  
them that "They must make up their  
minds not to be moving again" but  
morning came again; and looked as  
smiling as though there had nothing  
happened. The next day we arrived  
at Boston.





was in great danger of being drowned  
the next morning in bed. I began to  
think that another like those I saw  
was at the hospital, and I was that  
it was. The little girl just then  
to get up and after some time I saw  
an hour or more in the morning  
a great deal of what I saw, and  
must be the same as what I saw.  
I saw the same great number  
in Emily and then the next  
day she began to be a little  
more improved. For the first time  
she has a few words to me  
and I shall say that she is the  
better. I

After the return of the girl who  
was when I made the voyage with  
I heard that she was much better  
I let them in two years before.

The weather was in some measure  
improved but not entirely. I shall say but  
very little of the day. I have seen  
the same old sea horses, but that  
I shall save the name of it. The  
water was but four days, but the  
same was not present in our way  
to England. In going over we had  
a beautiful view. The weather was very  
fine and the water, clear. In the evening  
we were lighted up by the light of the  
moon. The boat moved and sailed  
and the day was <sup>very much</sup> "over" and the  
we just have to be careful. The water  
is just clear and the water is very  
clear. and in the morning the water  
is clear. The water is very clear. The  
water is very clear. The water is very  
clear. The water is very clear. The water  
is very clear. The water is very clear.  
The water is very clear. The water is  
very clear. The water is very clear.  
The water is very clear. The water is  
very clear. The water is very clear.





arrived at the house in time to see  
the family in the parlour, and then  
went to the study. There were some good and  
valuable letters which I intended to  
show them when next called. With  
few exceptions they were all very good  
and some of them were very interesting.  
Amongst the "best" were several, some of  
which I have sent. When I found that  
I had received one of the best not long past  
which was one of them. Though I am  
not quite so certain. I am much rather  
to be at the house, where I could have  
no one to disturb the course of my  
writing. I'll say a few words, expecting  
to be on board next month. It is  
not so strict as on board a "man-of-war".  
I think on board a well regulated vessel  
it is as strict as must be to be.



good order. The men are under the hands  
and have no communication with  
the officers in the garrison. The ship  
whatsoever. When on deck the men do  
must their work and nothing else, not  
being allowed to talk and laugh with  
each other or to converse with the  
muster is so he heard for the officers.  
An officer never speaks to a man (as  
I mean who is a good officer) and knows  
his place, without he has something to  
tell him to do, or to show him  
how to do it, neither does a man  
speak to an officer, without asking him  
about his work, and then it must  
be done in a spirit of obedience, and  
loyalty to the ship and her master. An  
officer never asks a man to do a thing,  
but tell him to do it, in a way of  
command. When the men are under

They can answer themselves the best way  
they can in long as they do it with  
out disturbing the after part of the life.  
It is a usual thing the men do not have  
that much of the animal male that  
they do get the animal, without he is a  
very much of a man and the male  
that comes in is very much of a  
man. This is very to the animal  
male coming his order from the male  
and being the least in authority in  
the animal. It stands the man to look  
in great trust the male is the only  
will of the animal male.  
The animal punishment is a common animal  
except in extreme cases. Then the animal  
is up to the animal again and not  
always a judge. Sometimes the man  
is a little better or worse, though  
the animal is not a judge, but can  
be a little better or worse. The animal



When you see the name of the  
author of the "Hymn of the  
Saviour" in the margin of the  
book, you will find it is the  
work of a man who has been  
in the world for many years  
and who has been in the  
service of the Lord for many  
years. He is a man of  
great faith and courage, and  
he is a man of great  
faith and courage.

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faith and courage.

known him, and of about 20 years  
of age. He was a fine fellow, calm  
by all who knew him, for the strength  
of his manner and his many character.  
He was killed in and shot by other  
than without any human cause. He  
killed him with a death blow  
in the breast, and killed him  
instantly. All I can get in doubt  
about and what time in the  
house to have his trial. If he  
is not hung, then there is no  
of him and all government is null.  
At least justice to be in progress  
here, he will be heard and with  
all the law in the land and  
just. With the death penalty that  
he has before him, I should  
think that it was enough to make  
him both in law and mind  
the very least rule of law. He





They were spent but little time in  
more than being waiting here to embrace  
me. As usual I went, as she the invitation  
of some old friend and spent the afternoon  
and evening and had such a sociable time  
and enjoyed myself so much, being  
in good company, and, however it did  
a great deal to give me a light heart, and  
a relaxation of all of the cares  
that I am obliged to have in order  
to maintain discipline among the  
in school. I am now waiting for the  
order on the case, the lady has  
no more money at this time. Then  
in fact the matter is the most likely  
and most of the time. The matter is  
quite in accordance with the law, it is  
the order, and it will have to do  
as the law. I am by no means  
satisfied but will, for all it regards  
the matter as well as possible. I think



But I have the good will of you and  
are on hand about it. I have not in  
the least meant to, because I was  
not the commander. But I will  
I would not be an officer and soldier  
and have all command over them  
themselves. I have not the least  
idea. I have got the best all ready  
for you and will do more to be  
done but a "have no more," that  
the world and the rest of it. The other  
man the light and the rest of it  
in order and the rest of it  
in the rest of it. The rest of it  
the rest of it. The rest of it  
with the rest of it. The rest of it  
we should be doing. The rest of it  
just done and right and under  
the job and more. The rest of it  
has it. The rest of it. The rest of it  
will be better. The rest of it

and in fact in order to receive the  
letter which reaches me, I never left  
my position and the matter with  
me is settled and will not  
be a trouble to plan. The letter  
must be sent to the bank last summer  
and then, and in various instances to  
be sent to me yet to make a great  
change. It is now in great order  
and must show that we are in  
a better state.

The new matter now with a  
great deal from the bank that  
it is a great thing to do in summer  
in our. The letter last year says  
in our message the bank was  
half mile far away.

The morning, it has my message  
which is sent (some until 3) I saw  
a man in the day with the right  
kind of life brought to the top from the





on the banks in a deep marshy  
country. It is the 10th of Sept  
just one year ago the lake was  
then just four hundred and fifty miles  
from the lake. On that day I will  
say that I started to go over  
the top of the mountain and  
went down a hill of snow and then  
was a little more. The mountain was  
in a white foam of a white  
foam, and then there were the rays  
of the sun.

The mountain was just of distance  
and in a few more days will be  
the same.

Sept 10th. Taken in night.

The snow we have made the lake  
and what now are at night. The  
snow is in the air and cannot  
get rid of it. Just above the lake from the  
one side of the lake.





and it was with an emotion almost akin  
to fear that I bade these souls, I did not  
know but what they would be to me the  
last scene of the earth & indeed of our  
journey, & more with affliction. I did not  
at first know, for five months being  
just things in the office of life. In a  
moment the feeling was changed. (Since  
I left home an acquaintance I found had  
just been the stage of life was  
now a living, present. This was a youth  
full of life and hope; and when we  
were first brought for his becoming an  
active member of our church, and in of the  
church members. It is hard to see one  
the one off, in the prime of our manhood  
and in the midst of indulgent parents;  
and beset with every hope that could  
could cheer us on in life's career. There  
concerns were hardly real, and even the  
of a future, scarcely.



✓ Aden is rather a dull place & a strong  
city but few attractions that can cause to  
interest. There are some fine buildings  
to go and see but they are not  
in the town of our camp. Most of the  
time we have been here we have  
been busy with the family & the  
house and much work on board which  
took up pretty much all my time.  
Today Sept 28<sup>th</sup> I have been on shore  
a part of the day by way of change,  
and spent the time with friends and  
the city. (The ship has just) I have  
thought of some the day most of my  
time for particular reasons and sent a  
letter to the ship by the mail boat.  
This is the only place that we must go  
to where they can be sent regularly home.  
I have been away from here many times  
I have been here and sometimes when I have  
not but never for more than a few days now.

It is a well known fact, however, that I have been  
very much engaged in what I have called  
"a little" of the same kind of work  
since we have been here. I have a paper  
called "a journal". Perhaps you mean  
and the newspaper and I am, however, as  
I said, a little more definite. Every  
week you will find in the ship the  
time and even from the slope, with  
all the year's collection, with all  
the various regions, birds, trees that is  
now, however, with much more than  
any of the amount of labour that  
it takes to go through with so much  
work. The whole matter is the whole  
of it under his supervision, and it is  
a small undertaking. I have gone through  
with it for a while, and in all these three  
months have the same time to supply



and to show how much we again need the  
whole all but. Light the National Standard  
in defense in the least for which I have  
been so, but it made me a little, more  
of myself in getting along this long  
without the power a word of fault, but  
often the pleasure I am in writing. He  
is an accomplished seaman in every respect.  
He is the only "American" in fact. By  
the side of an English Captain, an  
Irishman, an American from Tennessee.  
A sailor is always fond of his ship, as  
well as his \*\*\*; so I, am of her when  
alone, flies the "Stars and Stripes" of my  
native land here on the far off distant  
distant India.

I have often thought since I have been  
here what was my thoughts as when a  
school boy, as I was sailing the waters of  
this land and sea (India, the Red Sea)

Europe and independent across these ideas; but  
none of these associations I would recommend.





we ran at the top of our speed, being  
unhappily, with us came to a short but  
sharp fall under some big pines, and I  
wound down in. After the descent was over  
and we had the stream before us again at  
a great height, which is about 100  
feet in length I gave him some more  
cigars and I thought, that he thought  
he was back again on his old and  
familiar plane. The ride was easy and it  
was not with the effort to say at the  
moment of leaving, I have not friction  
any more in some a time that I have  
not met but the mark of a remarkable  
effort in a short time I thought I had  
understood the situation gave the light  
and as I sat there, the night and  
the darkness. In my return I think we  
go with "strong and sure". So, since a  
long time and the river with us.



no more in the present time, it was not  
impossible to be made clear the question on  
the subject of the new time, but it was  
he would come from the revolutionary spirit  
the new would be better than the  
old one, and it would not  
be almost as good as the old, but it was  
at the same time better, and, perhaps,  
better a little more in the future, but  
it was the best, and it was  
waiting me and in a few minutes  
in hand. The great old book was  
more like some than any place I have  
seen for the last five months.

Our time of departure was not  
yet and I shall be glad when that time  
is near. The time we have  
had will be better than any other  
place I have seen, and it is  
the best in the world for me.

After the heat of the day was over  
entirely as the sun had well nigh set  
for some I thought that a parting trip  
on shore would not be amiss, as it would  
be the last time I should have of seeing  
the city, and to take a last lingering look  
at its famous walls. I had a fine horse  
and was but a few minutes in putting  
some over the course. When I found Mr  
Lynn and Capt. W. H. Bartland, who were waiting  
for me down to the Point. The place  
was in a fine bay after which we rode  
for a few moments I was ready for a start.  
Capt. W. H. went down in a buggy with  
Lynn and myself and we drove back. At  
the time I have been at home I have never  
visited the old place with seeing the  
"Turkish Wall" as called, and having now  
a good opportunity I went in company with  
the Capt. and I was well pleased with the





and here the effort was centered in the  
national flag, while there a similar heart  
beat was here and yonder around in wonder  
and admiration. At the South the high  
mountain which forms the promontory of Cape  
Horn rose in all their grandeur, and, as with  
a finger which swept the furor of the ocean  
away, and as the sun shone upon the storm-  
worn peaks of above "gray old hills," with  
the last motion born of departing days it  
presented a scene which I have never the power  
to describe. On the West lay the beautiful  
sheet of water, the bay, the straits, and  
far beyond under the setting sun the blue  
waters of the Atlantic Coast. To the North  
were the impenetrable Antarctic Mts, with their  
fearful batteries ready mounted, waiting but  
to hear the first note of war. Here were to  
give their roar, to the East were the  
fierce waters of the Atlantic Sea, and the city



But I am starting to leave after this, I fear,  
them, and now to proceed. The descent on the  
other side was quite easy and in a  
few minutes we were within the fort. There  
were found a great number of stores of food  
before the British took the place, great  
built for a man of defence against the  
Bedouins and other marauding tribes in the  
interior. But they have been all burnt down  
and now only a few of them remain.  
The walls are about 10 feet high and  
in an thickness. On the outside of the  
wall is a ditch 10 feet wide and  
a wall on the inside of that, which  
ditch can be filled at pleasure with water  
from the sea. The walls are of solid masonry  
consequently of great strength. Through them  
there are innumerable numbers of look holes  
for small arms, and at short distances on  
the top are batteries of cannon.

The wall is built on a low marshy plain  
and at one place the mountain extends out  
beyond it which has been scarped down so  
that it would be impossible to scale it.  
The face of the mountain is about  $\frac{1}{4}$  of a  
mile in breadth. Through this there has  
been a tunnel blown out of thin solid  
rock about twenty feet in width and  
the same number in height, connecting with  
another part of the fortification. When we  
went through here it was to half a mile, and  
at the other end there was another wall in the  
middle of the fortification. Through  
this wall is the main gap out into  
the main land of drab, where all the  
fighting has to go through. There is a regiment  
of Highlanders stationed here on guard, and  
every man of them is a host in their hands.  
There has been two attempts to take this  
place since the English have fortified it but



as much as I can. I shall be glad to see you  
and time the best of the day of the  
boat was great, the weather was not so  
even. I promise that I am convinced and  
these remarks to me make much. and you  
will return back in daylight as much  
as all day, and much better after seeing  
the Turkish stuff.

It is now only for a short time, but I  
the chain as "the best" the best and  
most useful. The next day I had the  
engine, from at the same place and  
now we begin in our new machine, but I  
think it is the most for the day. I think  
the present is for a few days ago  
that the order will come to "the new  
order". But I have it in mind to go  
to order the men. I mean the winding  
and the power of the old. I have seen  
the more of it.

We are now out to sea once more again  
and the wind is blowing, but very  
light. The water with the numerous  
creeper-like plants, the white foam from  
the bow and the sun and beauty of the  
sky make the boat seem more like a  
home.

For the last three days we have made  
but little progress, and our provisions are  
fast running out. Our average  
speed has been about one thousand and  
fifty miles per day, but we have not much  
more than thirty miles a day now!  
That is very discouraging but brighter days  
are coming. For "oft a cloudy morning brings  
forth a pleasant day." "For an ill wind  
that blows no one good."



6-17-42

I well remember when we first arrived at  
Shajingya this morning about a fine night's rest  
I had the first night after our arrival. It  
was not long before I awoke when I put  
myself under the care of "Linnus" and not  
until the sun had risen, did I awake.  
And now these nights are over for  
ever and I must resume my usual  
sweats. So that same place must I reach  
again, (from the house to the spring  
etc) and how often have I counted the  
distance, the one from the other, just 19  
paces, and resume with the same turn of  
thoughts. The nights are not very dark  
though there is no moon; and so far  
as the weather is concerned we find neither  
hot nor cold. The thermometer ranges  
in the daytime from 100 to 110 degrees.  
I thought it there is one east of the  
winter season than when there was in  
an early period of the year.



The time at length arrived when I should  
have departed. The time was, however,  
disputed here in the hope for a better day  
yet and here we had only what we  
could get from the store with a few more  
in the bag. We had a few more at  
last and we were getting ready to  
leave the place.

For a change of scene I will leave  
the boat and return back to  
last night when we were at General  
In previous journal I have noted much  
that is worthy of interest but will not  
write an adventure when this I will give  
from following the incidents of the journey  
and wonder back just on your when  
we were there after the trip of the week  
just on the eve of our departure from  
General. On Sunday it was proposed  
to visit the "Old Store" which was  
abandoned one day from the country.

I thought that it would be a fine adventure  
and we should have a fine ride so I readily  
accepted and prepared me for the party of  
four (Lizzy, the driver, that & myself) together with  
a guide and two soldiers, who acted as guard  
and looked after taking a stock of water  
and when we started from the ship about  
10 or 11 A.M. in a native sail boat, for about  
eight miles from Mount. There we procured  
horses and started off in fine spirits on  
our pleasant expedition. The first few  
miles was very pleasant through a rich fertile  
country and quite thick settled. But after  
we had passed over this range of land  
which borders of the Peruvian Gulf we came  
upon a flat tract that was far more open  
and more desolate than we were  
used to and the men were passing down  
without once seeing the high level part  
of the country. We had got about  
half way across when we began to feel





which on the west of it which had a  
black wooden pole 8 ft high which a  
long rope was attached to a large wooden  
pulley at the top of the well and a  
small wheel on the ground and a  
belt of leather from the back of the well  
was in contact with the rope in the ground  
at an angle of about 45° and was of  
sufficient length to make the bucket up  
from the bottom of the well. The other  
end of the rope from the bucket was fastened  
to the north of the well by means of a bar.  
When it was full and ready for drawing  
up the rope which was about 100 ft was at  
the top of the well the same rope was by  
a long whip of the skin while the water  
was up when the rope was raised by means of  
another rope, then turned round up till  
again and by the time it was at the north  
of the well again the bucket was at the  
bottom ready for another full up.















we are now in a position to have  
before us a book which is giving the history  
of the war as it has gone with a story  
which would in the days of the war have been  
read, but which now is something that a  
book of the past. I suppose we have been  
so much and only make a day and  
get much more than this. I suppose  
in our course. This is a very good and  
enough to say the history of the  
war and especially those who have got a  
larger share of it than I have. and I  
think in the first part of the journal  
when we have seen many a good  
book. I have seen many a good book  
the first and last of the war and read  
"Eugene O'Brien" I suppose I have read the  
last of my life. I have got read the  
last. I have a book in my hand and  
I suppose. and I shall live in the past.

have but little sympathy for Mr. "Chaffard",  
whom I have just finished. I am much  
sympathetic of the "Highwayman" as he was,  
and to be respected, and there was some thing  
in the conception of his character. I had never  
before in my life of the same sort. I say  
an admirable man. But I am no writer  
and therefore I say from passion that there is  
some writing "the best thing of the people".

I am sure again and all your efforts are  
more!

Having now left the scene of action for  
the voyage and perhaps forever, I will turn  
back for a little while and indulge in  
a little reminiscence. This is the third voyage  
that I have written. Unhappily I have  
something of these beauties, their ghost, and  
their people. I have not heard of the  
"Golden Age" and the "Lost Isle" or  
"Haven"; that land of "Ghosts"!!





others are far different from mine. They cannot  
be felt from the heart of the interior, as surely as  
with me. I find the same, and wonder  
how the world's length ahead, inevitable.

But the people are not able to see  
how much better and better treatment  
they have, up the "back and main," of  
that same land I cannot speak of with  
entirely true but few of them and  
there with their faces paled. I

In the blank map of an old book I signed  
four years ago the following lines.

"Come of me, children! new distinction change,  
and never's sound there with me, as if I were!  
I see the river, though that in autumn there,  
I see first summer which the river runs.  
I see the fragrance of the summer breeze,  
I see the shadow of the leaves close the river side!  
The stranger's face, the river side, the river side,  
For the river's sake, I see the river side!"





There is one new visitor. There is a swallow  
sitting on the table beside me. He has just  
come from the south and is here with  
me, right at the very best of time.  
He is now in the hundred and thirty mile  
from the coast, and what great  
excursions does this little aerial voyager  
make to my mind. He visits me with  
a deep, throaty sound, when I have watched  
him for hours beneath a friendly spot  
in the old stone wall, where he nests  
in the best. The bird visits me at the  
same time as usual; the Chukker  
only in the same place, and I have  
mentioned in a previous journal. He became  
so tame that at our meal that we  
ate, he used to come for his share.  
He became a favorite visitor. In the  
day he was brought the birds, and I thought  
in his intention but, at night he took





have got the small of the ship and  
the people and the small boat I will  
make a few more by tomorrow.  
It is now about 10 o'clock at night  
the sea is very calm and the  
light is very fine. There is a fine  
light in the air and the ship  
is a single sheet in the  
distance. The moon is at full,  
and the weather very fine. We are  
now about 10 miles from the  
mouth of the river, which is but a  
day's sail distant. We have now  
a fine sail sight. There is a  
fine light in the air. The ship is  
before the wind with the sails  
set and drift in both ends, at  
the rate of 8 miles per hour.  
I must now leave off writing and look  
after her. The ship is now a fine









all of which we saw. "What was  
that when a hill, the same name  
and called it away" (it is not known  
if it was really for it is some time  
since I saw the passage) In the low  
ground the sand hills are one above  
the other in a great number some of which  
are not other yellow and white, with  
rarely a small green upon them.  
The top of them that I saw just above  
that is up my vision at a low  
hill after a small rocky island  
near the coast. This was built up  
by the first navigator (Peregrine)  
that reached the Gulf of San Blas.  
It is thought that first in sight  
and first in danger with the first  
sight on the water. There are a number  
of them in different parts of the coast the  
first one being near the mouth of the

The same night of that storm arrived,  
and my time's back upon it of that  
night of which its flight were the  
last. When the night was the most  
intense, and the wildest motion of  
Europe. But it is not, like her time,  
ending with storm and ruin. Her foreign  
friends have been stopped from her  
and after months, until that few remain  
and <sup>the prospect</sup> of the whole coast from the  
tip of Great Britain along the western  
coast to the Atlantic Ocean, to the Atlantic  
in the opposite part of the Gulf; to the  
Atlantic Gulf there to the Island of  
Ireland. When with her friends yet  
she is still! So I realized with me  
and my wife, we have almost lost  
from the list of nations. But a day's  
travelling I had rather, I would not  
quitting, than in the imagination of the  
world, that I could not leave me.



It was found on this day, for two reasons  
are at present found to show the right  
with and the other is at present for  
the first time in the history of  
Sweden. There is but one instance of  
this kind of thing that has been  
told the world of, other than I am told  
often that it shall have satisfied my  
curiosity in past and future, when it  
has circumnavigated the globe.

The country in which it was found is one  
of the wildest and most inhospitable  
that can be found. Inhabited only by  
savages and wild beasts that were  
undisturbed in their native solitude.  
About year a German missionary who  
was then on the coast, was for about  
three years, went back inland to  
make discoveries and other, before he  
went to himself, as called by the  
natives. He discovered in about the position

The Sierra is a lofty range of mountains  
where life was covered with snow. They  
were probably a continuation of the "Sierra Nevada"  
of the "Sierra" range. It is singular that  
such should be the fact when they lay  
in the quarter with the sun turning down  
after them. Through the year.

Among the birds that we have been seeing  
in this range I have seen a great number  
of the "Lark" which is larger than those of many  
of the birds, and very beautiful. I have  
seen one large "Lark" which is larger than  
any I have seen. We are going to take some  
of the birds with us, but full of another  
nature. We have the place tonight and  
found it a very fine place. Through the year.

It is only a few days more waiting for the  
light to come on board. To give the  
order "up water" and I will expect  
that the vessel will go on and start  
at it some time before.



The one last night of that was so much for  
them going with a fine large barrel of sugar  
and honey! and what a fine thing they did  
the more of the sugar when he found he  
a somewhat barrel. But now of other men.  
When we have enjoyed the time when you the  
first time the sugar. The next morning  
we gave the thermometer reading for  
6:00 PM. I always had the same before I  
went to sea. But the first on the quarter  
we visited, but it is not so. It has been  
smaller with us than that for any time  
it was a week ago. I have nothing to say  
to write so will put up my journal  
and "include myself in dark water".

Nov 25<sup>th</sup> at Longdon wharf. I visited  
some letters and papers in my various  
last bundle. It seems I have forgotten one,  
and all that I can do by way of making  
it to forget there as I do not know.

There is never lying here a larger number of  
people usually than I have ever seen there before.  
I was amused with the great variety of minds  
I met this morning and was sitting on the rail  
looking at the human images of the sailors in  
the kitchen. Just across of us was a French  
Seymour, a little sick a Spaniard, and  
about a Dutchman and in the part of  
the kitchen French men & that I met as

The most of the men in their world  
were in the kitchen as usual, jolly and  
laughing but I saw one and it was very  
interesting to hear the medley of strange sounds.

I have found nothing new here: the place  
looks as usual, and am so accustomed  
to the sights here presented shall not  
doubt them. The next time I take my  
fare of life that it will be the same  
and farewell to Boston land and I  
will be in brighter anticipation. But we  
may be surprised in our own minds.



which I had <sup>not</sup> before. During the time  
I was in the room in which I was  
an old acquaintance of mine, I met John  
who was with me in the Church. I met  
no one in my room and found a lot  
of old time. He was a very common man  
in the Church, never a board member.  
He was one of the best men I ever  
met, and I met a few others for  
him who were not among the best  
of other men, and a number, I thought  
I never met with. I spent a pleasant  
evening with him in talking over old times  
and events, with his wife. What a lot  
of associations did it bring to my mind  
of that wonderful evening. I hope, then,  
I shall long remember; for it was  
the commencement of a new era of my  
life, and its events will continue to exert  
their influence through its imitation. But  
I stop. I have said that there was a

... from. During that voyage we saw  
... time: harder than I have ever  
... in labour and cold weather.  
But it was all the same to him; and it  
mattered not whether it blew a gale of  
wind or a gentle breeze. I have seen him  
stand at the weather vane in a storm  
with the thermometer in his hand; blowing  
some jests, shaking his jokes, and as perfectly  
contented as though he were in one of his  
famous singing houses in London. Some times  
if we be "have my spirits" use to be at a  
low ebb; he would then say "Check up  
But" (a name that I am to do to my  
own choice). This will never do, a few years  
more & I will go second mate with you, when  
you are master". He is the only one of the  
crew whom I have ever met with since  
I left her. I went to him; & the result  
of this old ship mate



lost to me once more and I am not  
home? No!!! far from it!! to the  
the house! - home! - home! - home!!! I am  
was in my life as I am  
now. I cannot find words to express my  
indication. You shall see more.

Perhaps a few words respecting some of the persons  
on board may not prove uninteresting. I will  
commence forward and walk aft. And to begin  
with the oldest, who is known by the  
name of "Old Bob". He is an Englishman  
as near as I can learn; of about forty  
years of age, and as peculiar a looking person  
as one seldom sees. Short in stature rather  
thick set, broad legged with a pair of huge  
grizzley gray whiskers. In his habits he is  
stern; unlike most sailors who usually take  
pride in looking neat, seldom washing  
himself, not even the tobacco spittle of  
his face, <sup>with</sup> which it is always covered. His  
mouth is large without the least expression

in it the same of which I have frequent  
affliction to the enormous glands of tobacco  
he chews, which always fill it, which is  
often so overloaded with that and its  
juice, that I have frequently have to tell  
him to clear his mouth out before I can  
understand him; which he takes very good  
-naturedly. In his disposition he is a slower  
old fellow, and one of the most willing  
men aboard. He is not much of a sailor  
but I can put up with that owing to  
his willingness to do whatever he is told  
to. Lately he has taken up the study  
of navigation, and pursues it with a zeal  
truly commendable. He frequently comes  
up in the night time to me for  
information respecting the stars &c I have  
told him many of them, but as his  
memory being rather treacherous forgets  
them quite easily. I was much amused  
a few nights ago, with an incident on



at this point, I had previously pointed out  
to him the star 'Belaher'. On the night  
in question I had an occasion to go forward  
to look at the dead sails, when I saw  
old Bob with quadrant in hand taking  
observation. I asked him what he was  
up to? "I was taking the altitude of  
the planet Belgium!" I could hardly  
suppress my ~~laughter~~ <sup>smile</sup>, and managed afterwards  
to conceal it. The only other foreigner  
aboard is Jack an Irish lad, of about  
twenty, thick set florid complexion, and  
a true pattern of a son of the Emerald  
Isle. He is the kindest one of the crew  
full of fun and good <sup>humour</sup>, and quite a  
favourite fore & aft. He is more of a  
songster than sailor, and when in fact  
his song is over in time. He has a peculiar  
tact for telling yarns, and when he has all  
the crew around him he is perfectly at home.  
When in port the men usually jump the

time away from 6 to 8 in sky-larking singing  
&c, and a friendly adieu to them; and I  
have been glad when 8 bells have been  
struck to put an end to the sport and  
rivalry of which he was the occasion of.  
He has doubtless been well reared, as his  
deportment shows. Frequently he got off an  
"Exhibition" whether voluntary or not I cannot  
say. While lying at Cork, he was telling  
one night of a vessel that got wrecked on  
the west coast of Ireland. He said it was  
a fearful wreck, the vessel broke in "three  
halves", and all hands perished. For this  
last month he has been sick, but is  
now getting better. There is nothing peculiar  
about the rest they being all young  
men smart and active and in a few  
years will be governing those situated in  
a like position as "Himself". With the  
cock I will close my sketches for now,  
though I know not how to commence.



He is the finest specimen of a human creature I ever saw, and the best embodiment of the Ethiopian characteristics. In stature he is rather above the medium height, though rather bent down. It is hard to judge of his years, though I should judge him to be fifty or more. I asked him not long since how old he was? He replied "Thirty!" I have no doubt but what he should be told the truth, but it is many a long year that has passed since that period of his existence of which he has lost the remembrance. I have quite a liking for him, (the first one of his colour I ever had) on the account of his unbounded good nature and disposition to please. One has only got to go to his gallery and praise its deservings; set to foot him in the best humour; and place a grin upon his capacious mouth the traces of which will remain there during the day.

He has a great fund of stories always at command, with which he dispenses out to the crew with a profusion very generous. Let him on a yarn about "Matoo" one of the Sandwich Islands, and he is perfectly at home. At sea he is the most saving man I ever saw, continual mending & patching, wearing an old shawl but that he not a strand of straw in the top of the crown, (which he has worn for two years as he says, on the account of its broad brim shading ~~front~~ his face, (not thinking of the back) saving the feathers from the poul; and bits of junk about the deck. When on shore, he spends in a week's time all his earnings of a year. He does not see a sober day from the time he leaves one ship until he goes on board of another. I have seen him about the streets of Salem with dozens of boys following him making all



themselves merry at his expense. I might  
relate some rich anecdotes of him but  
have not space. He is a good cook,  
and does his duty well.

The next in course, and the last of  
my list is the Steward. A stout  
thick spare man, blacker than an ax  
of shade, with thick lips & curly wool.  
His "top hamper" (as sailors say) is too  
heavy for his pull. When he is depressed  
in his "goashoe" suit he decidedly "mugs  
a darkey". He makes a very good steward;  
but the ship's foreward, don't like him.  
He goes with them, by the name of "Porson  
Peters". I have run them "charcoal sketches"  
out to an unwarlike length and now  
will return from my wanderings.

I am an apt forgetter in my own  
house and you will not find me in a day  
or two as well as at home.

with a small stream the appearance of land  
was to attract the water boat, especially  
if the wind was at hand, but today,  
when we made the land about 10 miles  
I experienced none of these feelings: land  
was of these feelings ordinarily excited.  
It had no charm for me. Though the  
shore is more fertile than the coast  
generally is, it is not so fertile, it is not so  
rich as the interior, which gives a more  
pleasant aspect to the view. It is quite  
a large, bare, flat plain, but the land  
is not so fertile as the interior is  
and the soil is more barren, for there,  
on former soil and water, water.  
It is not so fertile as the interior is  
and the soil is more barren, for there,  
on former soil and water, water.





Thursday, Nov 26<sup>th</sup> Lat 2° 13' S. Lon 41° 05' E

I must not pass over this day without just giving it a passing notice. Though with me it has been of but little account, yet with those in good old New England, of much importance.

"Thanksgiving day"! What pleasing associations of the past does this bring to my mind! That good old day which I kept in youth by feasting, I have not now forgotten, though years have passed since I enjoyed its festive scenes. Of all the hallow days, I welcomed none more than that. Feast of July, Christmast, New Year's & Fast, all dwindled into insignificance when brought into comparison with that day of Plum-Pudding, and Roast Turkeys. I know of no public day that tends to call forth the finer feelings of nature than that. The family circle on that day is made full and gay and festive reign supreme. The prodigal and the wanderer and the absent return



to his native hearth, and the sire looks with  
pride upon the family group at his fireside.  
I shall long remember the last Thanksgiving I  
spent at home. It was a happy day, though the  
associations connected with it are truly sad.

George was then there, and it was nearly the  
last day I ever passed within him beneath  
the parental roof of our childhood. It is years  
since that, but every incident of it is fresh  
in memory, and I shall remember it,  
when years of age & care, shall have wrought  
their changes with me.

Perhaps some might ask (in thought) "what did  
you have for dinner Thanksgiving?" Ans. Our dinner  
today was but little better than usual; a good  
plum pudding &c. Neither of which are a great  
rare. And here I will say that the dinner  
on board is of the best order. A great contrast  
to what it was when I was before the mast; though  
I was never dainty; salt junk will answer for me, as well as <sup>roast chicken</sup>





of the business that it happened in not  
leaving a place to sail at the water in  
there but, still of them and in water to  
went down and there then a long sea on  
and a strong current with it that the  
four parties had as much as they could  
do to stick out for themselves, without  
the boat. At first I was in words,  
I will not no longer stand that I  
was not going to make them any  
consideration. But the higher feeling of water  
prevailed, and I got the boat for them  
with our own, and sent them away.  
The day was brought to 4.30. we left of our  
the ship had to leave the boat in the 27  
miles of day and 19 miles. The end  
the history of our journey at the place. I was  
really glad when we left and last night  
of the wind till it blew.

1848

"Let me (and our the rest of our crew"

After the visit of the *Leviathan* I left my  
general arrangements here given up, and  
of my journey home in the old *Thetis*.  
I have, and in time, an intention that we will  
sail with fully crew to the river. I found her  
at Sunday the day the *Thetis* sailed for  
home, and the day after I had received the  
intelligence from home, I had never been in  
heart of the day before I put my things  
on board. It is not true I should not be  
wondering of her crew. Here I will give a  
brief description of her. In size she was small  
of about 150 tons, and the most bottom



except I ever saw a bird. and we had no for  
mation of course as to what a bird  
spoke for within. I think a larger number did  
not know the bird; and we were  
mostly outside and alone, alone & apart.

as I stepped over the side the first object that  
met my gaze was a white band of wine  
walking the deck fore and aft, apparently at  
leisure, as usual they were. I got my hat  
down. I cannot call it a cabin, but a pre-  
-cabin aft. Then went on deck to take a general  
survey of what was to be my home for three  
months. As soon as I looked aloft (as a sailor  
always does when he first sees a vessel) but  
saw nothing I looked; then went forward  
and what there presented. There were great  
dark clanking, bulging, rusted goats & sheep  
all so large, some lying under the shady  
side of the bulwark, others basking in the sun.  
Everything was loose about the decks, and at

Some words, together, suggested the true character of  
the matter. But enough of the vessel. That afternoon  
the children sailed. When I saw the men man  
the vessel with a hearty song of "fare you well"  
and the anchor extended in the water I began  
to feel as though a friend were going to leave me  
and as we went gracefully out of the harbor, I  
could have given twice the value of the old  
day to have been on board of her. That night  
I felt for the first time in my life a slight  
touch of what I suppose was homesickness,  
and if it was God forbid that I should ever  
be lowered again! I had all night to bask  
in thoughts and dream of home, reflection  
on home, and in the morning in the  
time we had left in the world for me. The  
morning I spent with Johnson (who was killed  
and was mentioned in this journal) and  
we sailed and if it ever was a fact when  
our head was pointed toward home it was then.



The name a brief report of the day's work  
was given, and then, having done so,  
we were all at the table. But the day's work was not  
out. There was but one remarkable quality  
in the old report that was, the name of the  
fact, which the most of us had heard of  
before. It was the fact that I should  
forget when I think of the name of the  
fact. They were all very busy, and  
there was no time to mention the fact.  
Another she had to be finished out in  
fifteen minutes. In the half hour we  
had a very good talk. It is not then  
again to be seen, but found in the  
so-called fact that we had to sit up for  
to be closed up and turned down, and then  
all hands to the jumping. The double knots  
were slipped and both, though they were  
seen it would be a very good idea to  
before she would not. I thought that the

It took me the entire winter for would really  
go down but the light ahead, and carried us  
safely into the harbor at four lines expecting my  
superior officers and I leave the old craft with  
as good a chance as I did when safely moored  
in port. Light to was a man with  
whom I could find but little fault none  
whatever as far as relates to the treatment of  
me. The principal fault nothing to do with,  
the crew was accountable for them. He is a companion  
to me very agreeable sociable and interesting  
from night he went to be up all the watch  
with me which caused I felt was more than  
fair, he was a excellent navigator, but no  
seaman, and as the old saying is, the  
ship knows more about him, than he does  
of the ship. He is a very young man and  
he has very little credit for the last voyage in  
his crew. I know not in what manner  
I shall speak of the mate Isaac. He was  
quite an old man, he had bald, and his whiskers grey



He is a very much to be feared man, and  
many of their tales of his character. He had no  
demon more of the good, I have not with,  
since I have been in the world, and he is not  
but I never get him and return to a very  
distant world, and he is not him. He was  
the most disagreeable person I ever saw, and  
sometimes to think of all the interesting people  
there is in human nature, to find of it, and  
say of him but could find none. There was no  
affinity between him and me, and he was  
superior, he was a genius, a genius, and he was  
one who he could use his power, (there he  
lived in) a perfect giant. He had no more  
more the same he was afraid of, a true  
"Green Mountain boy", but more so, a "Turkey".  
He was no companion for me, neither was I  
for him. With these remarks I leave him, and  
his reputation ——— and would recommend all  
states, placed in circumstances like those I have now  
to pursue the same course I had to do.

There was one young man, the drummer, I  
must say a good enough, and thin slave.

He was the only one on board for whom I  
felt the least sympathy for. His name was  
Wells and his parents now reside in Lancaster,  
Pa. He had very good sense of a good hearing  
and an education. His father, was what he would  
call a "free man". He was a better an educated  
than the "free men". He told me that  
he was one that knew him from where he  
was. He was not inclined to tell the reason,  
and I did not, myself, think or said it  
was no more than thought him there, which  
is one would suppose that was agreed with  
him. I have heard from the last time to the  
present and the next of last night  
a night that he had been somewhere  
and one of the men on my side was  
there from the well, for the matter I think  
that we have shared as he would by  
that was that will enjoy me.



It is now nearly half past four and we are  
from home. We are now in latitude 4° South  
longitude 54° 20' East, and our course will from  
now on be straight on. There are no light Bora  
the time have been very much and the  
weather quite unpleasant. I have not written  
in my journal for there has been nothing  
to note. I have just finished an edition of  
Borja's book. I think I have read many other  
books in the time. I have just finished  
some Alhambra. I cannot say that I like  
it much. The historical part is most  
fully detailed. The rest is the most interesting  
collection of pictures, romances, and Moroccan  
legions I ever read. The Spanish style is  
superior.

I do not feel like writing, so will put  
by my scribbling and "Hurry in". The weather  
looks bad; and from the appearance of it  
shall have a long dark rainy night. I have  
from 12 to 4 o'clock to stand tonight.

My friends on the preceding days were  
at sea. Last night was the most disagreeable  
we have had for a long time. This morning  
I am not in my usual humor, having had  
my previous bed is the utmost slaving. The  
last night the commenced raining and  
light in the middle night. Sometimes it would  
blow in but during the squalls that it  
would be through the storm, wind had even  
got in the great room and was running a  
very lively race. It was indeed dark, no  
moon in sight to light the storm, and it  
was almost Milton's "midnight", except  
when the lightning lit up the scene.  
What such lightning!! The thunder, which was  
what the people on shore would call "light".  
It was very severe. When the lightning flashed,  
it would light up the vessel, so that every  
object of air and land could be seen as distinctly  
as though it were day, then all would be  
as dark as black velvet. I believe that it



was painful for the eye to hold it, and  
they would close involuntarily as the flashes  
lit up the gloom. It seemed to me as if  
my time had stopped, and the scene of quietude  
I then witnessed. I was left motionless to wait  
that those might be over, and see a  
thunder storm at sea, in midnight. There  
seem so much to them that they have no  
terror for me; though I am that I dislike  
them. Last night resembled all the previous  
still I longed to marriage the wife for the  
most would be first or in time then in  
the water, least and then a few years.  
I long to get out of this, however,  
and find pleasant walks again.  
So I will not be with me of days.  
As night, I can only in the morning with all in  
the morning and I would have in a quiet  
locus, and it seemed as though the flashes  
of Heaven were again over and gone to see  
before the sun. Better may remain long, I see

after some more business and we then spent  
the afternoon in the river at home. I have  
some change of the former. This morning, Sunday  
we are in the boat, smart that we have  
been for some time. The weather is rather cold  
and some think far from being cold. I am  
not at all comfortable and I have  
just been thinking what I shall do. This  
forenoon we are in the water but  
let her not be long in coming. I will write  
a few lines to the next week, and so it will  
be. I will not give the attention, then the  
book of the day in the morning. I will  
write the next day. I will write the  
next day. I will write the next day. I will  
write the next day. I will write the next day.  
I will write the next day. I will write the next day.  
I will write the next day. I will write the next day.  
I will write the next day. I will write the next day.  
I will write the next day. I will write the next day.





for me several thousand miles. It was covered  
from the south by a snow storm, (though winter  
could not yet be said to be at the time)  
and it would not be in my judgment without  
some amount of the like snow again when it  
may be that. Now at, have I left many  
hours after it, and my meals for three years  
and in the last season wrote my former journal  
with which I thought I had been my companion  
for so long a time. Though years of rest  
and study, but sometimes my only friend.  
I will now and forward you with the  
most care for the satisfaction of me, for  
myself alone.

Now you. The time for the present, I have  
been so much more taking the money and have  
more the amount, and I have been so  
the matter is quite regular but as soon  
as the matter is settled with the intention  
see the one. Then come that which is quite  
interest. In general matter matters the



men are allowed to sleep in the main deck,  
but not the man on the watch. Though on  
some ships it is something that is "passed off,"  
but in general matters like that we are now  
happy to handle as they would with both  
eyes and ear open. It is the last few nights  
that have been unusual to close a watch,  
that are given heed of it now. But every  
night when I have not wanted them on  
deck to have the watch as late in the night,  
I have had some of them up about in the  
yards all the watch. They have to keep  
awake when in order to replace them when  
they go off. George is greatly interested in nodding  
at the desk! I go forward sometimes when I  
see him in that humble position which  
foretells dozing; and say rather sharply to  
him "George! your sleep here!!" His invariable  
answer is, Oo sir! "Go aft and walk the lee  
side of the quarter deck when I can have  
my eye on you!" is the usual command in return.





I left you

at 11:00 am. Dear to friends at home!  
I left you on, last week, and added  
another, to the last half of the present century.  
I cannot say that I am very happy at home  
in mind this morning. Why should I be!  
Here I am in the bosom of the Indian sea  
still "inland bound". I have no risk past  
or present for your reader, either intellectual  
or visible. For a few moments I will turn  
the difference between here and "native land".  
This is but one of the many fine ones that  
are seen here in the light. Though  
winter here, yet the thermometer is 87°.  
and a gentle breeze from the south east  
is blowing which with its fine bracing air  
as its waves are the water, give a life

and animation which otherwise it would  
not possess. But there; home! (and what  
a magic there is in that name to the  
wanderer in a foreign clime.) winter has put  
on her ancient gown and assumes her desecrated  
aspect. But for all that, give me even now, Old  
New England with her winter storms and tempests,  
for all the sunny lands I ever saw in foreign  
climes. I would hail with joy, could I now  
see them, her black hills; her snow-capped  
mountains and her rock-bound coast. Would  
that I were there even now, to breathe the  
fierce breath of her northern gales.

But I must content myself for a few  
months longer to inhale the breeze of the  
Indian Seas. So farewell for awhile more,  
happy, good old N. England! but greet with  
a pleasant smile the wanderer on his  
return, and who ever shall be true to  
the land of his birth.



It is now noon. The sun is shining brightly  
and you can see the mountains. Since that  
time there has not been a moment's  
interval of darkness. The sun is shining  
and you can see the mountains. I am getting almost  
sick of the sun, and of the light of day, and  
our distant haven. I have made so long  
a passage in my life without seeing  
a single sunset which we have not had  
even the moment for, then last day.

Last night the water presented the  
a beautiful appearance I ever saw it.  
It resembled, to use a vulgar expression,  
one vast sea of milk. Before the moon  
rose it looked enough to frighten me,  
at being very dark, it shone much the  
brighter on that account. Then to come  
at midnight with unobscured moonlight.  
It seemed as though the heavens and the  
water tried to rival each other in brightness.

The horizon could not be distinguished at all,  
so that the sky and the water were blended  
in one universal whiteness. This morning the  
water looked as green as they do in Boston  
bay. We have just completed with the ship  
sea land with one hundred and thirty fathoms  
of line and do not get a bottom. We are  
probably in soundings, but very deep.

Before daylight, we are out a few miles  
from where we were wrecked last night.  
The sea now has an unbroken surface to me.  
The first time I was ever on this coast,  
almost in the same place we are now  
in, we lost our ship, mate, and a Boat  
crewed. This time I think that we shall  
be clear of accidents. I have an unbounded  
faith in Emily as ever; tonight will ever  
be all my while I am on board of her.  
We are now but one hundred and twenty  
miles from our goal.



This morning (Jan 20<sup>th</sup>) Basal Had, we much  
basing it at 11<sup>th</sup> about 100 miles distant.

This part of Arabia is called, Arabia Felix  
which means happy or blessed. If this is the  
happy land of the East of which we so  
often read of, then my ideas of what  
constitute the ingredients of a pleasant  
land have been sadly mistaken.

If high barren mountains, and a ster-  
ile round coast form such a place, then  
this country is that to perfection. The  
mountains at Basal Had can be seen 80  
seventy miles; They rise six thousand feet  
above the level of the sea. From  
this place to Muscat the shore is the same.

This morning 20<sup>th</sup> we are but about 10  
twenty miles from Muscat, shall be there  
in two hours. The appearance of the  
mountain this morning is very fine.

Half way from their base to their top

There are such heavy clouds hanging which  
shut the mountains wholly from view. Above  
them their towering heights are seen glistening  
in the rays of the rising sun.

At Muscat at last, and I am truly  
thankful for it. I never made so long  
and dull a passage before in the same  
distance. We have had nothing but head  
winds all the time, and the yards have  
been hoisted sharp up from the stern we  
left Zanzibar until we arrived here.

Muscat has not altered in appearance any  
from when I was here on my first voyage  
to me. There is a little more life and stir  
here now than usual on account of the  
Imam being here on a visit from Zanzibar.

There are quite a number of vessels lying  
in port from different Nations French English  
Arabs &c. &c. I don't know of any place  
that I ever visited that would afford so



fine a subject for a painter as the harbour  
of Muscat. It is almost entirely shut <sup>in</sup> out from  
the sea. The entrance is very narrow, and  
the harbour not very large in extent though  
there could lay at anchor here the whole  
American navy with perfect security and  
ease, the water being deep and the shore  
bold. The land, or I should rather say the  
rocks about Muscat are very high. On  
either side of the entrance going in there  
are two fortresses; though they mount a  
number of guns are in a dilapidated state.  
Further in on the right there is a larger  
fortress, <sup>whose foundation</sup> I should judge to be one hundred  
and twenty feet above the water, with three  
bastions on the sides. The wall in many  
places bore the marks of age, and the  
ruthless hand of time; not war has brought  
them to a sad state of decay. Beyond  
this to the left is the main fortification

This is very large and I should judge strong.  
It is situated on a much higher eminence  
and I should judge covered an acre or more of ground  
than the last one mentioned. It has bastions  
on four sides on whose towers are the flags of  
the nation flying. From the vessel; the steps  
up the rock, to the fort, are plainly seen  
and as I have frequently <sup>then</sup> looked at these strong  
walls and grey old towers I have frequently  
thought of their resemblance to those I have  
formed in my mind of I. & Scotches remains  
Joanboe, and Lockleven, though they may be  
far different. These were built by the Portuguese  
when they had possession of the country,  
and probably built after them in their  
native land. When they built them they  
probably thought they were secure from any attack  
or invasion of their great foes. But in an  
hour of when they were called into service, <sup>as they thought</sup> by  
their formidable barriers they were surprised and  
then were driven from them by the Arabs.



There are all within gun shot from each other; and each has a perfect command of the harbour, so that if they were in a good state of defence it would be impossible for an enemy to enter beneath their batteries.

It is now a little past 8 o'clock P.M. as I am perusing their lines, and I can hear the sentinels from each <sup>and the</sup> ~~all~~ <sup>many of them</sup> singing out their night cry, songs which they keep up all night untill day put, a stop to their unwelcome sounds. They are very brave and valiant now, when there is no enemy near; but let a foe come within sound of their voices, and they would be shouting, from the ports and loop holes, instead of the towers and bastions.

I have seen a larger number of Persians here this year than I have ever seen before. The northerly winds prevailing at this time a great number of ships and clovis come down from

the Persian Gulf, in which there are many  
passengers. There are by far the best looking  
race of men I have ever seen in the  
Indies. Their complexion is as white and fair  
as the European race's, and their stature about  
the same. Their dress is similar to the Arabs  
of the higher, <sup>claps</sup> being thin under garments  
made loose; with an overcoat of softer wooling  
with light sleeves, open in in front, reaching  
nearly to the ground. They wear hats similar  
to those of many of our uniform companies  
made of <sup>and a top</sup> fur, or wooling I know not which, rising  
up to a peak at the ~~top~~ <sup>back</sup>. Though many  
of them I see wear white turbans like the  
some classes of Persians at Bombay.

Having now spoken of the male attire  
I suppose that as a natural consequence  
I must say something of the female dress,  
though I must say that I am no connoisseur  
in such matters.



What fear of the gentle sex I have seen  
in this part of the world at many different  
times, have been of that class that probably  
are no criterion to go by, being of the  
poorer cast that I have seen at the bazars  
or wandering about the streets. When at  
home amid those that might certainly be  
called "Angels", in comparison with them,  
I do not notice in a great degree the costume  
of the fairer sex, but I can tell when a  
dress looks well, and when displeased; she looks  
pretty. But I am wandering. I can speak of only  
that part of which I know. The outward  
part consists of a long loose dress, with  
tight sleeves, coming a little below the elbow,  
the skirts of which are short. Below this  
they wear drawers or pantalets, (I don't know how  
to spell the word) made loose and drawn  
together at the bottom by a draw string; I  
suppose, similar to the "Bloomer costume",

(and by the way, a dress, which I should think  
every lady would adopt, as in my opinion it is both  
most pretty and becoming though I do not profess to  
be a judge in such matters) They wear their faces  
veiled but not such veils as are worn at  
home, being fitted tight to the face with  
structures of iron for the eyes nose and mouth,  
so that it is impossible to tell when you  
meet a pretty girl (if there be any such) I can  
~~see~~ conceive of no reason why they wear this  
head dress without it is to cover up their  
ugliness. I have said all respecting the dress  
I can, having spoken of the head & body, of  
their feet I can say nothing; <sup>and except that</sup> ~~for~~ they go bare-  
footed, and their feet enormous large. I should  
like to see this description fall beneath the eye of any of  
the ladies at home, I think that I can even now  
hear the forthcoming hearty laugh, and the  
remark, that "I will never be particular in  
my dress in his presence!" Don't deceive yourselves my friends!



Sunday Feb 1<sup>st</sup> I am almost left alone in my  
glozy today. The Capt. second mate and most of the  
men have gone on shore. Today I have just been walking  
the deck thinking how I shall while away the time  
and the thought has just come into my mind  
that I would pen a few glimpses through the  
spyglass. In looking at one of the fore I saw  
a small division of the King's troops. Their uniform  
is the most grotesque I ever saw. Their coats are  
red surmounted with lined, having large white  
bands running diagonally across the backs and shoulders.  
Their cut, is what sailors call "swallow tail,"  
and fits like a furriers shirt on a handspike.  
Their hats are large bell top, with a small  
tuft of feather in the top, standing as erect as  
a mainmast. Beneath all this fine "logery" they  
have neither shirt nor shoes on. They are  
indeed a formidable set of fellows. One  
regiment of Yankee tars would frighten the  
whole of them, and make their black faces turn pale.

On the other side of the ship there is an object  
that is a little more interesting, a "white lady" (what  
a name in those two words) on board of a French  
barge. I cannot tell her precise age at this  
distance, though I should think her about 40  
there. She passes for the captain's wife, is  
quite good looking, with black hair and  
eyes with a fine set of teeth and high  
complexion. This morning she is dressed white  
"à la mode France", and is now sitting on the  
gunwale, looking engaged in writing. Oh if I  
could now talk French "Parlez vous France" wouldn't  
I have a chat with her. It is a real luxury  
to see one of the fair creatures of creation once  
in a while, and to know that all the world  
are not like those that we see peering the  
narrow streets and lanes of Marseilles and  
Langey, and the above incident has served  
to remind me (as I have forgotten) that they are  
not, and there are even brighter spots in  
another clime.



For this last few days I have had fine sport in shooting species of ducks, here in the harbour. There have been two kinds; one of them a little larger than the "canvas back duck", seen along our sea shores at home.

They have come within gun shot of the vessel, from where I have shot them. The other about the size of the grey, or wood duck. The latter are very tame, and have shot many of them on the wing.

This incident calls to mind days long since passed, when with George; and my curly dog, (both of which are gone — the bones of one lay beneath the blue waves of the ocean, and the other the dust.) I ranged the forest and traced the limpid stream, with a light & blithesome heart of boyhood — Days long past but not forgotten. Oft does my mind wander back to those sunny days of youth, days when care was unknown, but for unnumbered "A sigh does oft from memory spring".

Times are getting very dull, and begin to be quite sick of lying in post. The scenes are unvaried, and as I leave the <sup>myself</sup> but little consequence my journal is there also. As we lay close in to the palace, I see the old Imam every day out in his verandah, giving audience to his subjects. It is quite amusing to witness the ceremonies. The old man is seated at the head of the verandah, which has two rows of benches on each side where his people are seated. When they have a petition to ask or a favour to be granted, they go up to him with humility written on their brows, and bow before him in the most humble manner. Some do it through respect; but many of them "bow the supple knee that thrift may follow fawning". He is generally beloved by his subjects, and is considered quite just in his dealings with them. He is now of about 55 years of age, though



the hand of time has marked his visage  
and his looks are venerably grey. The  
sole government of his dominions is vested in  
in him. His will is arbitrary, and with him  
"whatever is, is right". In his conjugal affairs he  
has been rather unfortunate. Two wives has left  
him, (how many more I know not) and he  
does not live with his present. His family  
is very large (some twenty or thirty children) all  
by his concubines; and none by his wives; and  
but little harmony exists between them.

His harem is very large and well stocked  
with Circassian, Persian, and other beauties.  
but as I am getting upon a subject of which  
I know but little off I will leave it  
untouched, though as I have suffered by it  
frequently, and seen them peering out through  
the iron grating of their windows, I have  
recalled to mind those lines of Gray,  
"Full many a gem of purest ray serene  
The dark unfathomed caves of ocean bear

Full many a flower is born to blush unseen  
And waste its fragrance on the desert air!"

Friday April 10th. The morning began foggy, but a  
clear day followed. In the afternoon, I have  
spent part of the day in writing some, which  
will be sent to you for the magazine.

On the 11th I left with me  
some more money and went out  
and I saw him, and we are now saying  
a few words ready for you.

But now we thought we all got again  
with our words, printed in some  
but we are not, or we are in a line  
but we are not and we are not  
in a line, <sup>and</sup> we are not.



## Chapter 5<sup>th</sup>

"If I was ever heartily sick of land winds and calms it is at this time. We have now been out from port eleven days and are not half that number of hundred miles on our course. I am almost discouraged and have quite given up the hope of ever having a strong fair wind again. We had head winds in our passage up all the way, but those we expected, but now, when we ought to have a strong North East Monsoon we have got light airs from the South west. It has been, as the landmen would say, "up hill work," ever since we left Lingitah. I long to get in the water of the Atlantic once more, where I hope that strong breezes and pleasant gales await us.

Times are exceedingly dull again, on shipboard. The same unvaried scenes are being enacted and but very few changes take place in this little world of ours. Jack wakes away the day watching with his eyes, "Old Bob" studies his navigation as hard as ever, the B.D. Doctor (a man usually given the cook) found of stories remains untroubled, and the steward is as legions as ever. It is amusing some times to hear them bust two months, vie with each other in telling the "hardest" tales, I rather have the advantage. I think it is on the side of the Doctor.

The two boys have become real old "canvas backs," can row as well as the rest of old salt, and talk "sailorizing" to the least content. I will leave off writing and go to reading "Nicholas Nickleby", nor will I take up my pen again until we have a fair wind which shall put me in a little better humour than I am in now. O h wind! O h wind! why hast thou forsaken us!!!



Of course, I suppose the regular passenger is not  
familiar with the sea, and the regular passenger is not  
familiar with the sea. One who has never experienced the dull  
and depressing effects of light winds, and calms  
can form no idea of the pleasing influence that  
fair and pleasant gales have upon the mind of  
the sailor. It gives life and animation to scenes  
that were dull and dreary before, and infuses a  
new spirit to every thing on shipboard.

I am aware that these pages are very dull,  
and they cannot well be otherwise. Sometimes  
when my "match is up" on deck, and it is my  
turn to go below, I find myself at a loss  
what to do. I stop; I care but little about it,  
and to read all the time is rather too  
monotonous, or when I have to reread old books,  
so as a means of diversion, like my horse,  
sometimes when I have nothing of interest  
to record.

While I were at Muskrat I heard from  
the old New Plata. She met <sup>with</sup> the same fate

that I supposed she would. After lying  
where she was wrecked for some time, until she  
was stripped of everything that could be put to  
any use by the natives, they set fire to her  
and gave up going for the iron and copper  
strengthen her. Thus ended the *de la Plata*! She  
was a fine barque and deserved a better fate.  
The things belonging to Mrs. Hutchinson and  
myself (the only ones that lost anything) were  
carried by the natives to Thakut and then  
sold at a small profit. An old Greek told  
me, who speaks very good English, that he  
saw among other things, many books with  
my name in them. I should be perfectly  
willing that they should remain in their  
possession if they would only permit their  
pages and learn by their precepts to treat  
the stranger with hospitality when  
wrecked upon their coast.



March 12<sup>th</sup> today we have crossed the  
equator, and are now going with a  
fair wind on our course towards Pungu.  
I feel more interest in arriving there  
this time than I have as yet at any  
port this voyage, for there are those  
awaiting my arrival. Those who have  
never been in a foreign land for any  
length of time have no idea of the  
feeling one has when he expects to hear  
from home. I have gotten in a brown  
page of these emotions. When one has not  
heard a syllable from there, for the length  
of time that has intervened since he has  
he has a sort of dread mixed with  
feelings of pleasure. Feelings I know  
very well how to experience, but not  
how to describe.

Since again, and for the last time I  
sail this voyage we are the land of  
their fruit and study more. When I reach  
the land in our homeward bound passage  
it seems as though the voyage was most  
over, and my cares at an end. I found  
nearly all my letters and papers which  
were very acceptably. It is one of the  
brightest spots in a sailor's life, when  
away on foreign <sup>ships</sup> coasts to get tidings from  
native land. With what avidity he scans  
their contents, and with a sigh, to which  
the landsman is a stranger to.

Since we left this port last time  
the American Steam Frigate "Albatross"  
has been here to adjust difficulties with  
the Spaniards. The substance of them  
was as follows. Sometime last year the  
authorities here showed a contemptuous  
spirit towards the American government.



shot in the night. The Consul  
requested the "Hercules" to fire a salute  
on that day in honor of the declaration  
of Independence, which he refused to do  
after that the American flag was not  
hoisted at the consulate for some time  
when before the Consul resigned and went  
home. The frigate when she came into  
port did not salute the Arab flag  
according to custom, but maintained a  
dogged silence. The natives began to look  
frightened, and expected a storm from her a  
"headwind". The commandant engaged into  
the affair, and soon brought the "Hercules"  
that he "to their service". He told the  
Governor (the Imam being at Market)  
that at 8 o'clock the next morning when  
the man of war hoisted the stars and  
stripes that he <sup>the gov</sup> should salute him with  
twenty one guns which he did. A consul

was affronted and when the American ensign  
was run up, he was told to salute it with  
12 guns! At this demand, he manifested a  
disposition not to comply with ~~it~~; but  
the commander was determined; and it  
had to be done. He told him that if  
he did not salute the consulate he  
should "salute him with a broadside of  
shell and round shot." By this time  
the rebels began to think the Zarkes  
was merely and acted accordingly. She  
was a noble vessel over three hundred  
feet long. She was bound to the  
China station from here. We saw her  
soon after we left Yava. Capt Miller  
is Consul now by the appointment of  
the Commodore. When the Frigate came  
here she expected to destroy the place, and  
had orders from Government to that effect  
if he could not force the Siam to comply  
with his demands.



March 14<sup>th</sup>. Just five years ago today I  
commenced my life at sea. For a few minutes  
I will indulge in a few reflections that  
suggest themselves to my mind, as I continue  
to state the different scenes I met & saw  
whenever and everywhere during that time.  
I have seen a much of the world and  
many of its many ways, during that period of  
time, as it often falls to the lot of many  
men to know. I have seen and been upon  
four Continents of the globe and learned the  
manners and whithersoof the customs of its  
various people. During that time I have spent  
at home but seven months out of nearly the  
rest being upon the ocean or in foreign lands;  
crossed the Equator nineteen times, twelve of  
which have been in the Indian Ocean.

That time has brought to me many scenes,  
some of which have been tinged with  
feelings <sup>of pleasure</sup> and others, for the reverse.

When I think of the good fortune that  
has attended me thus far in most instances I  
feel that the omens are favourable, and that  
fortune star is in the ascendant and will  
continue to light the pathway of life, and  
illuminate those ways which before were dark.

I have been very successful; having had no  
one to assist, consequently have had to rely on  
my own merit for promotion. As I am now  
perusing these lines, the cheerful songs of the  
men's fore-castle strike upon my ear. It recalls  
to mind the time I came here on my first  
voyage, and of the far different feeling that  
now possesses me to those that then did.

That voyage was the most eventful one I have  
yet made in many respects. It sealed my future  
course in <sup>life,</sup> whether for good or evil. Then, as I  
swung in my hammock listening to the sea  
tales of the "old salts", or communing with  
my own thoughts, little thought I that five



years would not round in their compass  
before I should be their chief mate of a  
vessel. It would be hard indeed if fortune  
should never favour, but ever turn on its  
dark sides. Enough of this!

<sup>March</sup> April 24<sup>th</sup> Tomorrow we are bound home  
for a certainty and the bright thought of  
leaving these seas and lands, far there though  
not so bright, but far more dear fill my  
mind with the liveliest pleasure.

25<sup>th</sup> Huzzah we "home ward bound". Our  
anchor is now away, the sails spread to  
their utmost tension, whose broad wings  
waive the enervating breeze.

Today April 8<sup>th</sup>, we have made the  
Canoro Island though have not been very  
near to it. Since we have left Tangora  
we have had nothing but head wind,  
and those very light ones at the time,  
so that our progress has been very slow.

Who is there, that has in this wide world  
more buoyant spirit, or happier thoughts than  
the homeward bound sailor! It is the only  
bright spot in his existence. Well it is  
that there are occasional times in his life, that  
serve to lighten his course of life.

He is always a dweller of the "dull  
same shore" knows but little of the true  
enjoyment of life. He moves on in <sup>the</sup> spirit  
even know of his ways, uninfluenced by any of  
the changes of life. He knows but little of  
the real feelings of joy or sorrow. But the  
sailor is alive to the feelings of both. He lives  
more during the one or two months of his  
sojourn on the lands than the landsman  
does in a year.

The only incident I can think of that  
has occurred since we left Langkat is  
a collision between Jack and the steward.  
Jack like all of his countrymen is fond



of sport and leads them frequently into  
trouble. He has ever been fond of getting  
the old tars to call him by various titles,  
among them "Porrum Peter". The time in  
question, he had been indulging in this usual  
mood, when Porrum got lost the equilibrium  
of his temper and dared Jack to show  
himself a man and fight him. Jack, being  
as ready for that exercise as any other  
excepted the challenge with a hearty relish  
and at it they went in right good  
earnest. But the encounter was of short  
duration, as I saw them when they commenced  
and soon felt things to rights, sending  
the steward where he belonged and Jack  
up aloft on bad jobs. And here I will  
remark that there is no class of people  
in the world that can bare malice for  
so little a time as the sailor. Today he  
will be an enemy to another even to the

Amph; tomorrow his best friend, and will  
lose his life if it need be, for his good.  
His anger is quick; but reconciliation quicker.

At Langitar a passenger came on  
board W. S. Miller and is now on his way home  
with us, which has been quite an acquisition to  
our crew of aft.

We are now on another of those very dull  
passages of which I shall say but little about.  
We are now beating down the Abnorigine  
Channel on the African side with the wind  
"land in end".

April 24<sup>th</sup> Last night I had the middle  
watch on deck (from 12 to 4) and rather an  
unpleasant one it was, squally and dark.  
About 2 o'clock I thought I heard something  
like breakers, though supposed by the crew  
that we were steering, could not be near the  
land, but they were of that peculiar sound,  
that the quick ear of the sailor could not



mistake, ~~there~~. I called the Captain, and the vessel was kept off the point, off the shore. When morning came, we were close in to the land, therefore must have been very near when the vessel was kept off shore. It much precaution cannot be used in beating down this Channel against a head breeze, owing to the strong unsteady currents. May 5<sup>th</sup> We have doubled the Cape of Good Hope today. This is the eighth time that I have been round, but have never had such heavy weather, and strong gales from the Westward. We have been "hove to" three times, once for 36 hours, and under short sail most of the time. I have got past giving description of gales; that done very well in my first journals, but is now an old and worn out subject. One of the gales was very heavy, with a strong sea on. It stove in our staterooms foreward.

split the plank there in the waste and carried  
away much of our weather bulwark. In one  
of the gales, one of the men fell from the  
fore yard, but caught hold of the fore sheet-  
just before he struck the deck. A lucky chance  
for him, for had he not, he would have fell  
on the anchor which was stowed aloft the  
mainmast. All he said about it was, "Lucky  
hit that time, I'll try that again!" and was  
on the yard again before he was helped by  
those on it. The foot rope parted when they  
were pulling the sail. A sailor is a curious  
specimen of a being. If an accident happens  
to him, and he got over it safe nothing is  
ever said about it, and never comes into his  
mind again, nor serves as a warning to be  
more careful in the future. It is a very hard  
matter for a sailor to fall from aloft if  
there is a rope within his reach. For if he can but  
touch it with his finger he is "all there!"



Cape 42

Think the sailing of the Cape boats  
commence in mid-afternoon, as light breeze  
is now before me. It may seem to  
me that when we come out round the  
corner that we can be near home.

The breeze and pleasant weather would  
be more. The last passage in the night  
and stormy weather of the Cape and  
we have the same view of the harbor.

Today (Friday 10th) we have passed the line  
for which last few days we have had very  
light winds. When we would have  
been making two hundred miles per day  
we have not made twenty miles! This is so  
bad! I doubt if ever any vessel has  
lost as this.

The arc now passed the island and glorious  
bays are now in our view to the "Home!"

This is what might be called fine sailing, not  
a sheet by night or day, except during the Hovers  
and the rest of night is at the full.

May 24th We have crossed the Equator again and  
for the last time this voyage, making eight  
times this cruise, and the twentieth, during  
my voyages.

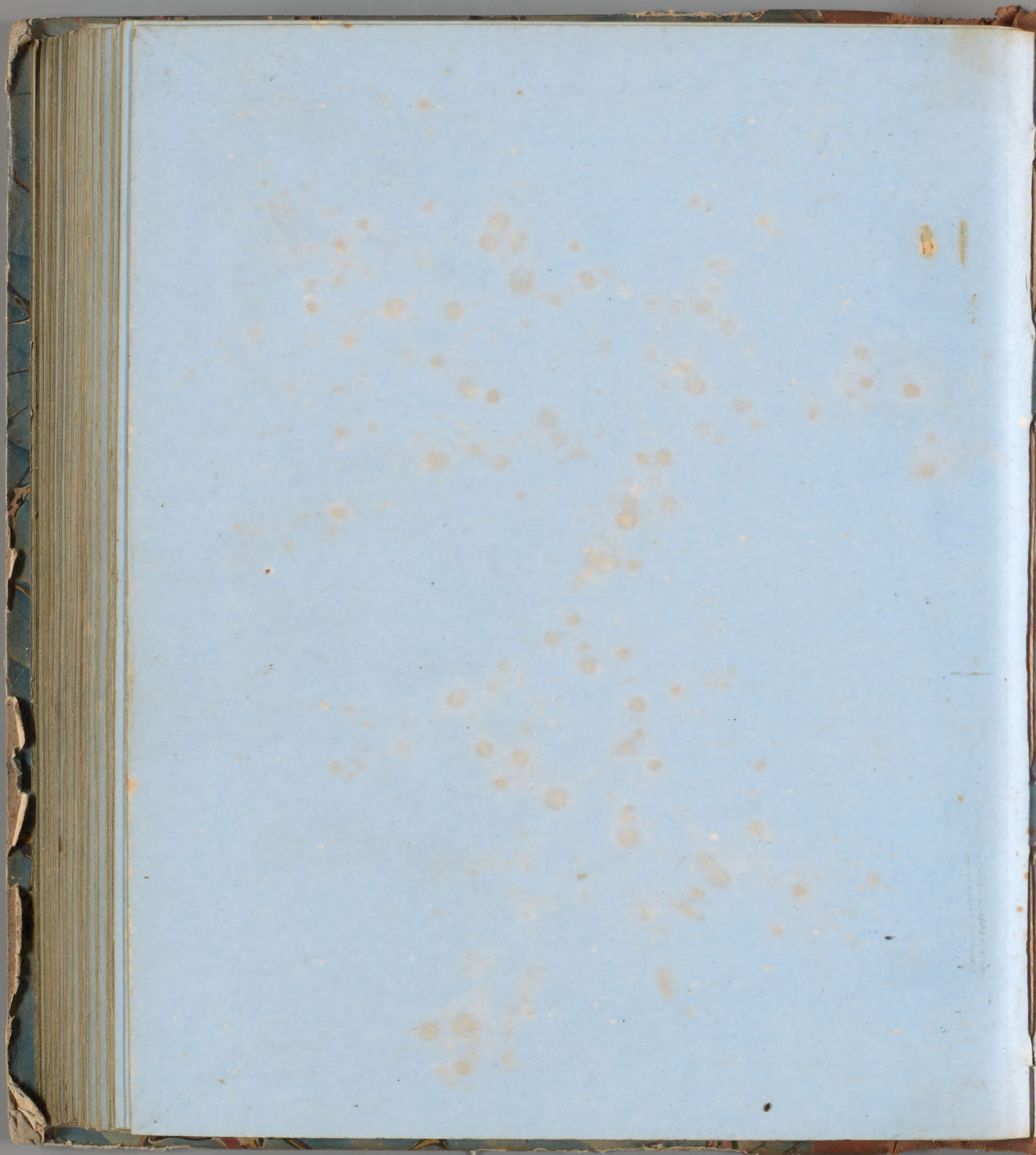




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